

ANNUAL  
ZEPHYRUS  
'14





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To Our  
Esteemed Friend and Teacher



Miss Dora Badollet  
The  
Class of 1914 Respectfully  
Dedicates  
This Book

# The Zephyrus

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Published Quarterly by the Students of the Astoria  
High School. Subscription price—\$1.50 per year

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Entered as second class matter, March 15, 1912, at  
the Postoffice at Astoria, Oregon under act of  
March 3rd, 1879.

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Exchanges .....	
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A. H. S. Calendar .....	Dorothy Dunbar
Debate .....	Asta Carlson
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Vol. I

June, 1914

No. 4





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# Editorial

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*We live in a favored age. Our civilization and the great advantages that we enjoy are the result of the efforts of our ancestors who have struggled and worked and fought and in many cases died in order that we, their posterity, might reap the rewards of their labor and sacrifice. Now the taxpayers are providing us with the means of securing an education, that we may become useful and efficient to the community. It behooves us therefore to try to pay the debt which we owe to the past and to the present by preparing ourselves to accomplish the various duties which will fall to our lot in life. The labor of our ancestors leaves to us the civilization we possess and the great country we are proud to call our own. The best manner in which to pay this debt is to improve this civilization and strengthen and increase the greatness of our country for those who come after us. The best way that we can fulfill our obligations to the state and community that gives us the means of securing our education is to qualify ourselves for the serious task of carrying out our duty as citizens. One of the things we should keep in mind in our student body and society meetings is that we are learning the simple principles of self-government which we shall be called upon to use in more serious matters later.*

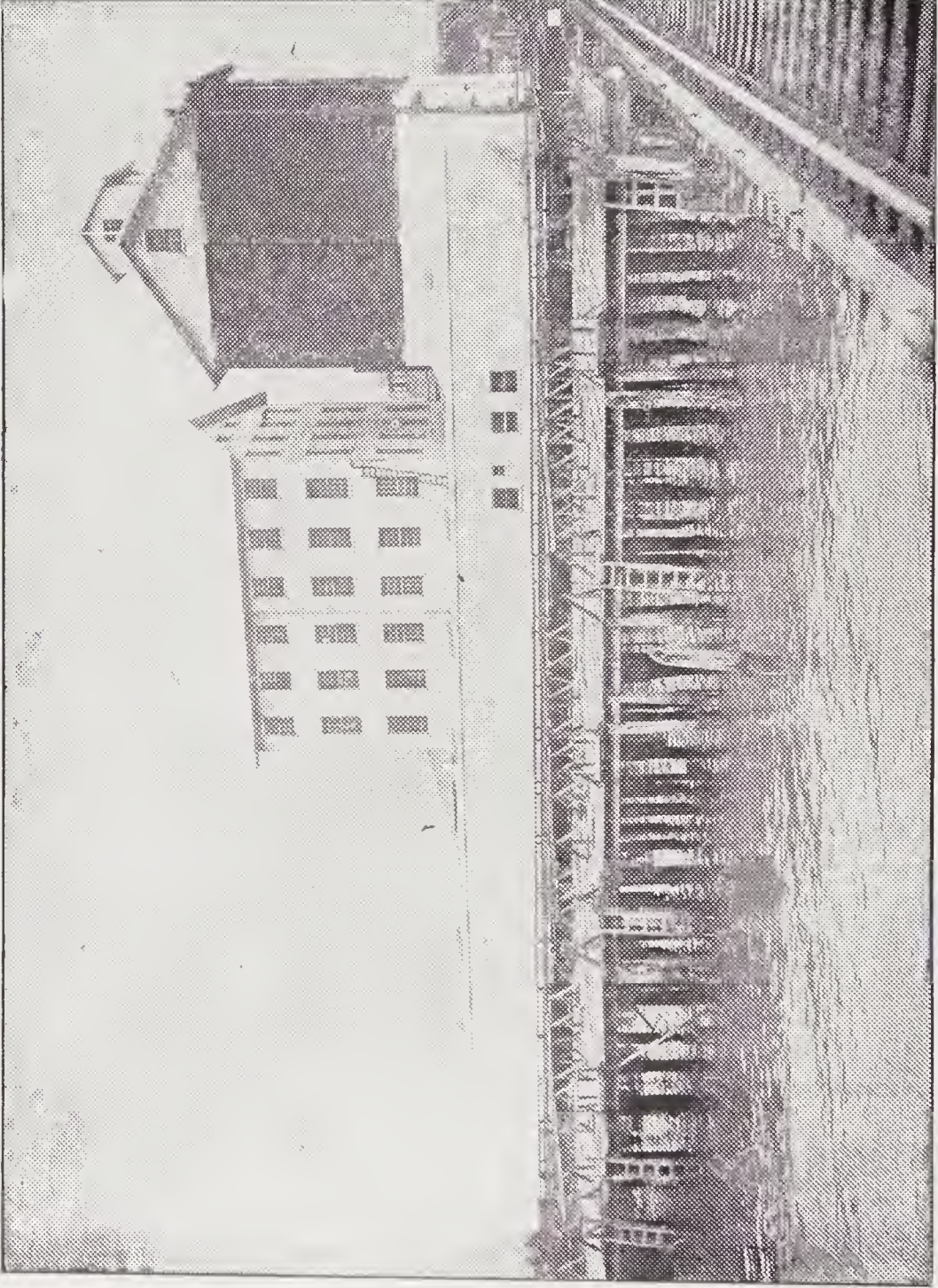
W. S.

# Editorial

*The Zephyrus wishes to express its sincere gratitude to Julia Markell who so willingly aided the Staff in the publishing of the Zephyrus by her many illustrations and other valuable assistance which she rendered.*

*To you, Students, the Zephyrus Staff extends its heartiest thanks. If the Zephyrus for this year has been a success it has been so because of the aid of the Students, for no school paper could be published without the co-operation of each and every Student of the High School. The Staff realizes that there has been room for criticism and room for improvement in each and every issue of the paper, but the Editor's chair is not by any means an "easy chair" and the one who occupies it is always in need of help and encouragement from his fellow students.*





Astoria's Newest Industry.

# Astoria

Astoria, my natal city in the kingdom by the sea,

Pray tell, where is another that can e'er compare with thee!

Where else are found the verdant hills that slope up to the sky

And down to the bay and river standing since eternity?

To the North, the great Columbia, King Salmon's haunt,

At your South, the fertile farmlands, and beyond, old Saddle Mount;

To the East, the rugged mountains with their forests of spruce and pine,

To the West the great Pacific, on whose shores stars ever shine!

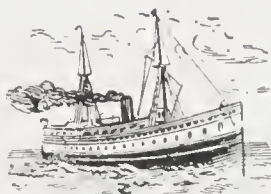
Such a wealth of Nature's beauties in no other spot is found

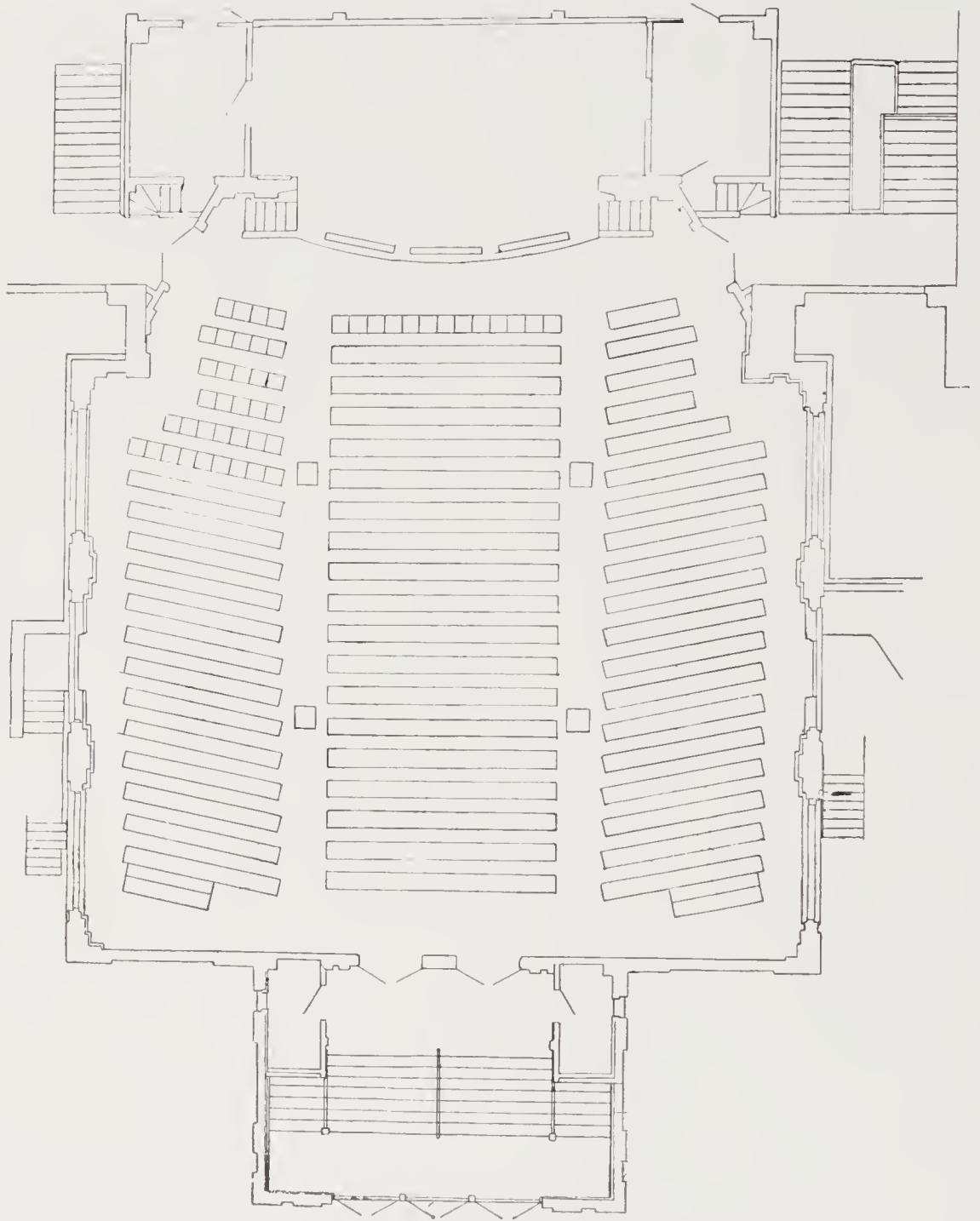
As these sights and scenic splendors here upon our very ground.

And when I grow tired and weary of this world just let me fly

Back to my dear home, Astoria, there in peace to live and die

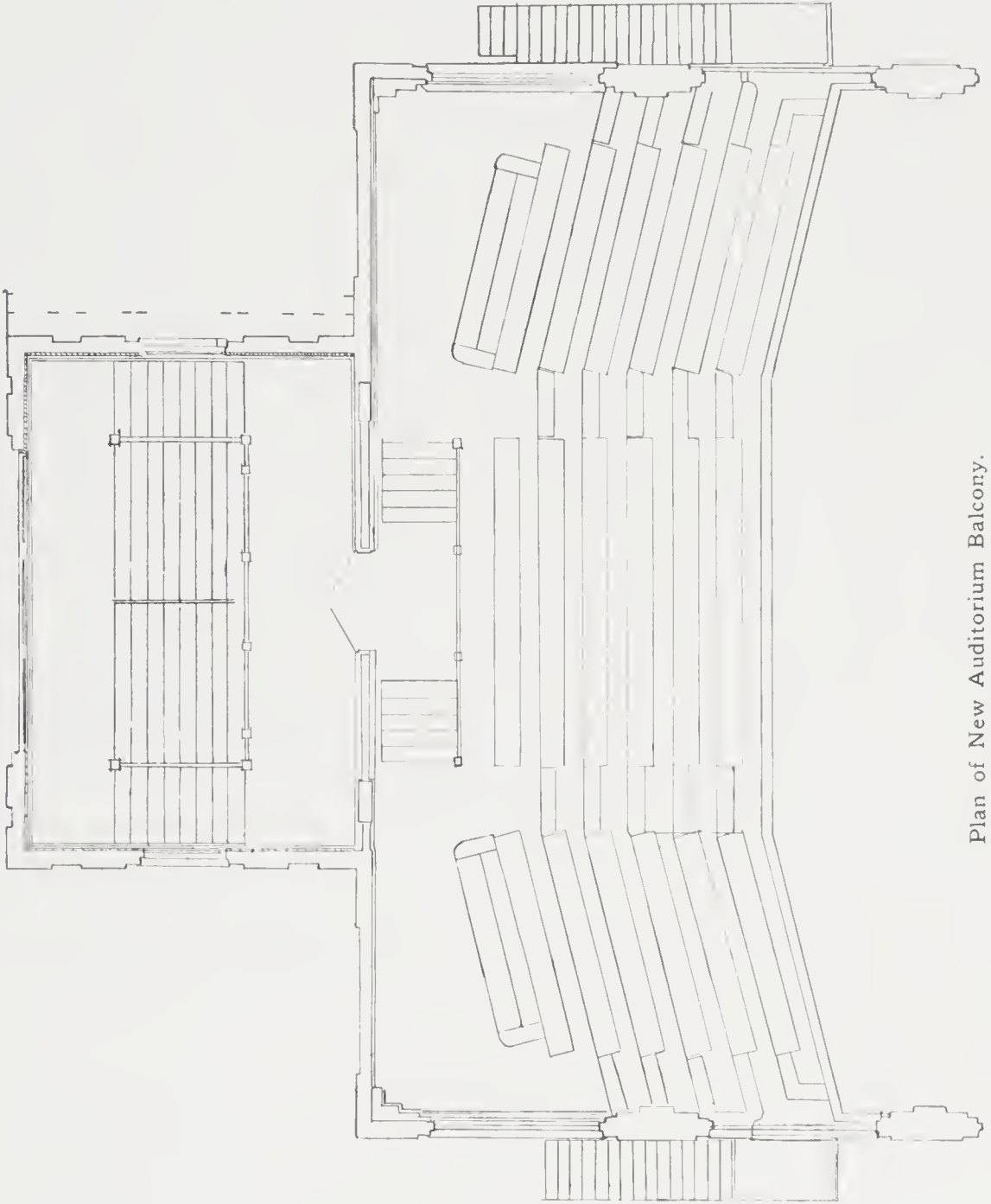
Sherman Mitchell





Plan of New Auditorium Ground Floor.





Plan of New Auditorium Balcony.

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*Manual Training.*



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# The Flunker==a la Kipling

by Ann Onymus.

A Senior there was and his time he passed,  
And now he wonders why,  
In fussing the girls to the very last;  
For time is short and months go fast,  
And girls must be fussed, but Oh alas'  
How the golden moments fly

Oh' the hours we spent, and the flowers we sent  
To the girls of our heart and hand,  
They never did know of the nickles we saved,  
They never will know of the hours we slaved,  
To show them the jolly good time that they craved,  
They never will understand,

The months passed bye and exams drew near  
The Senior was wholly unmaned,  
His heart was filled with an awful fear,  
The lessons he'd studied had never been clear,  
Instead of attention he'd thought of his "Dear,"  
He never did understand,

Oh' the oil we consume and the toil we resume  
To make up our note-books and plans,  
Can ne'er take the place of the lessons we sluff,  
And ne'er can atone for the profs that we bluff,  
The pride that we foster goes out with a puff,  
At the thought of those awfr' exams,

The Senior was flunked with all his pride,  
Even as most of you,  
And the girls knew when they turned him aside  
That they were to blame altho he had tried,  
And some of them laughed and some of them cried,  
As girls are wont to do,

Oh' it's not the shame and it's not the blame  
Of failure that makes us mad,  
It's coming to know that, with all our pain,  
They think an exam is a test of brain,  
And never will know 'tho it's very plain,  
Why we flunked and are so sad,



SAMUEL VANNICE—"Comb down his hair  
look, look, it stands upright."



DOROTHY MONTGOMERY—"For her own  
person, it beggared all description."



GEORGIANA GARNER—"A perfect woman  
nobly planned."



CARRIE GLASER—"A merry heart doeth  
good like a medicine."



SHERMAN MITCHELL—"Oh this learning  
what a thing it is."



NANCY MORRISON—"Silence is more elo-  
quent than words."



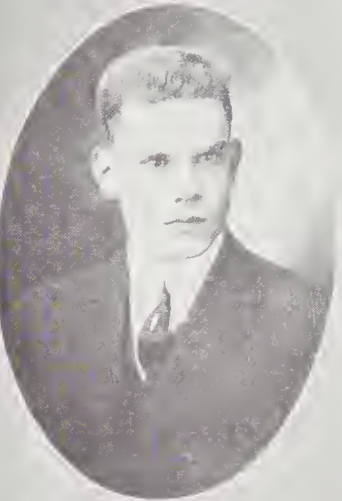
ALBERT ANDERSON—"He was a man, take  
him for all in all. We shall not look upon  
his like again."



JOHN FINNEY—"And still they gaze and  
still the wonder grew. That one small  
head should carry all he knew."



JENNIE BANGSUND—"A daughter of the  
gods, divinely tall. And most divinely fair."



DONALD ROBERTS—"Always busy—Busy  
doing nothing, that is."



GEORGE McCONNON—"I am slow of study."



ELVA STAPLES—"Her stature tall; I hate  
a dumpy woman."



RUSSELL FOX—"The hand of little employment hath the daintier sense."



MARGARET TROTTER—"Oh, sweet pale Margaret, Oh, rare pale Margaret."



EDWARD BEARD—"I am not in the roll of common men."



ANNA HEIKALA—"If silence indeed is golden, then here is our Hetty Green."





TERON SKYLES—"Wise to the ways of  
teachers. A famous bluffer he."



DOROTHY DUNBAR—"Speech is great, but  
silence is greater."



DEWITT GILBERT—"Love better is than  
fame."





MARGARET WEST—"A woman more worthy  
than any man."



GEORGE KABOTH—"Conspicuous by his ab-  
sence."



EUFEM LUGNET—"Yours is the charm of  
calm good sense."



GAIL HARDESTY—"As merry as the day is long."



BLANCHE LORENSTEN—"Ah me, how weak a thing the heart of woman is."



GLADYS PEARSON—"The daintiest last touch make the end most sweet."



The Senior Class Four Years Ago.

# History of the Class of '14

(By Jennie Bangsund.)

## FRESHMAN YEAR.

President, Georgiana Garner; Vice-President, Carl Drilling; Secretary, Alfred Gerding; Treasurer, Sue Gregory; Editor, Dea Imel; Sargeant-at-Arms, Sitton Linville

We were one of the most enthusiastic classes that had entered the High School. We held a meeting and at once elected our officers. In the course of the year gave a picnic to North Head which we all enjoyed.

## SOPHOMORE YEAR.

President, Clarence Cordiner, Vice-President, Edward Beard; Secretary, Alice Wilson; Treasurer, Eileen Tompkins; Editor, Dorothy Dunbar; Sargeant-at-Arms, Wetzel Griffin; Manager Boys' Basketball, Edward Beard; Manager Girls' Basketball, Dorothy Dunbar; Captain Girls' Basketball, Jennie Bangsund.

The future of the class seemed hopeful. As well as taking the honors in the tennis meet we were champions in both girls' and boys' basketball. During the Xmas holidays we gave a party at Rosenberg's Hall which was a great success. During the evening music and games were played and later supper was served. In the spring we had a candy sale managed by Arthur Fertig.

## JUNIOR YEAR.

President, Donald Roberts; Vice-President, Georgiana Garner; Secretary, Jennie Bangsund; Treasurer, Carrie Glaser.

This was one of the hardest and most eventful years in the High School and will not be forgotten by any in the class. Toward our "Prom." It was given in the A. F. S. C. Hall which was beautifully decorated with greens and streamers. The ceiling was covered with greens and lights beaming thru gave a very pretty effect. There was large bowers of greens at the end of the hall and the balcony was decorated with couches and greens.

## SENIOR YEAR.

President, Sam Vannice; Vice-President, Dorothy Montgomery; Secretary, Georgiana Garner; Treasurer, Carrie Glaser; Sargeant-at-Arms, Albert Anderson; Editor, Jennie Bangsund.

We have now reached the height of our ambition. We are now Seniors,—wise, proud and dignified students, who frown—but occasionally smile. The class has decided to purchase pins and rings as reminders in later years of their High School days. May—the class gave a play in the school gymnasium. Was it a success? Just ask the students. We expect to have an enjoyable time on Class Day and are also looking forward to our annual picnic which will undoubtedly be a success.

Now after four years—we as Seniors, have tried our best to have the friendship of all in the school. We are sorry to leave—but we wish to say that we leave behind us loving and sincere friends among the students and the members of the faculty, that the members of the class will never forget.

# Will of the Class of 1914

(Russell Fox '14.)

Whereas, it is customary for the Senior Class of the Astoria High School to bequeath to the under-classmen their superior deeds, virtues, etc.

Whereas we are recognized as the greatest class ever to graduate from this High School.

Whereas, on continuing our journey of life, our deeds, etc., are too numerous for us to carry.

Whereas, the remaining pupils in our school are sorely in need of aforesaid deeds.

We, the members of the class of 1914 of the Astoria High School do hereby publish our last will and testament.

I. To the Faculty we bequeath our cheerful dispositions and power of laughing down disappointments, especially noticeable after receiving our monthly Chemistry papers.

II. To the Junior Class we bequeath our Senior Privileges, said privileges being lost but alive in our hearts, hoping they will fight for, and eventually receive the same.

III. To the Freshmen we bequeath our dignified mien and knowledge of the English Classics.

IV. Sam Vauvice desires to leave his Presidency to any Junior, said Junior to be duly elected by the majority of his class.

V. Dorothy Montgomery bequeaths her voice to Jessie Garner.

VI. Edward Beard bequeaths his track record to Raleigh Stine.

VII. Elva Staples leaves her Tango steps to Estella Cook.

VIII. George Kaboth desires to leave his studious habits to "Bud" Anderson.

IX. Anna Heikala bequeaths her soft voice to Horace Trotter.

X. Theron Skyles leaves his Chemistry marks to Fred Erickson.

XI. Gladys Pearson bequeaths her Basket-ball talents to Rose O'Farrell.

XII. Albert Anderson desires to leave his bashfulness to Lorenus Logan.

XIII. Margaret West leaves her blushes to Dorothy Stone.

XIV. George McComen bequeaths his argumentative powers to Helen Dahlgren.

XV. Blanche Lornsten leaves her Kewpie to Myrtle Linville.

XVI. DeWitt Gilbert desires to bequeath his bun jokes to the Zephyrus Box.

XVII. John Finney leaves his marks to Raul Carlson.

XVIII. Jennie Bangsund bequeaths her dignity to Dorothy Macy.

XIX. Dorothy Dunbar leaves her little helpers to Alice Wilson.

XX. Carrie Glaser desires to leave her Junior to Helen Sandstrum.

XXI. Enlean Languet bequeaths her knowledge of Latin to Gedo Nelson.

XXII. Georgiana Garner bequeaths her silent laugh to Iver Ross.

XXIII. Donald Roberts leaves his borrowing tendencies to Albert Prael.

XXIV. Margaret Trotter leaves her sunny smile to Dale Howard.

XXV. Sherman Mitchell bequeaths his abundance of sarcasm to Virginia Houston.

XXVI. Nancy Morrison desires to leave her "Noisy" ways to Jane Smith.

XXVII. Russell Fox bequeaths his multitude of "extra" credits to Sara Barker.

XXVIII. Gail Hardesty leaves her ability of managing "stunts" to Rutl Spande.

XXIX. Hazel Pennell bequeaths her golden locks to Margaret Barry.

In the testimony thereof, we, the class of 1914 hereunto set our hand and seal this nineteenth day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand, nine hundred fourteen.

(Signed) The Class of 1914.





# Prophecy of Class of '14

(Gail H. Hardesty.)

One morning as I was working in my garden, the postman brought me a foreign looking letter which looked as though it might contain a book of news. The handwriting was familiar and on opening it I found that my old friend and classmate, formerly Carrie Glaser, had remembered to write from the other end of the world. The following excerpts from the letter might be of interest. "You remember the day we were talking of the class of '14 and the good times we used to have—well I didn't suppose I should ever be so fortunate as to meet any of that intellectual (?) group—especially on a trip around the world—but we have met quite a number of them. The first one was Sam Vamice—our honorable president you know. He is Chicken Coop Inspector of Goble, Oregon and draws a salary of ten dollars a month which is good for him—don't you think? He has dyed his hair or thinks he has—it came out a beautiful dark blue but the poor fellow was always a little color blind and doesn't know the difference.

While in San Francisco we heard of a big circus to be given in Clownville—a suburb—and decided to go. Clownville is a thriving city composed mainly of clowns who come from all parts of the world to take part in the big circuses given there every week. During the performance we were attracted by a much-ly decorated clown who went dancing his way through the audience selling kisses (an imported variety) and flirting outrageously with every girl that looked at him. Can you imagine our surprise when after the circus was over we found out that this King of Clowns was none other than Russel Fox whom we had expected to find in Lewiston Idaho. He told us that Dorothy Montgomery and Donald Roberts who had organized a Maxixe Opera Company had recently gone bankrupt and had returned to Astoria.

From San Francisco we took the submarine to Japan—arriving there in two days which was the quickest time ever made on that route. Here we saw Edward Beard who is conducting a track school for any native who wishes to pay his exorbitant prices. He says he expects to come home a rich man some day.

We crossed to the mainland on John Finney's latest invention—the flying-train. If we go back there again I shall have him explain the working of the train to me as now I only know that each car is connected to a cable which is stretched on the top of the water and which runs by it's own power.

We spent some time traveling in Russia and while there we had the good fortune to meet our friend Albert Anderson. He is manager of the Co-operative Ham Industry in central Russia. He wears a vandyke and burnside and looks more fierce than ever.

After leaving here we went to Germany. We visited the Imperial palace at Berlin and while there met a distinguished looking man who insisted on our believing that he was George Kaboth but it was rather hard to do. Can you imagine him with a curled mustache, flowing beard and eye glasses? He had

been trying to get the Emperor to take up his latest invention which is a twenty passenger hydro-plane. The U. S. Government had refused to have anything to do with it as it seemed unpractical.

Paris was our next stopping place and I bought several stunning gowns. Do you remember Anna Heikkala and Nancy Morrison, our two quiet girls? Anna is a model in one of the most fashionable establishments of Paris, while Nancy is studying to become an actress and I hear that she is soon to tour the United States.

After spending several weeks here we left for Africa as the next point of interest.

Here we were surprised to find Georgiana Garner and Elva Staples on a farm raising cats to sell to unsuspecting travelers as tamed jungle animals. A rather surprising occupation for them, don't you think?

Further down the coast a railroad was being built and we stopped to examine the work. Hearing loud talk and seeing the interested expression on the face of a group of Hottentot workmen we drew nearer to see the cause. We found that De Witt Gilbert was the foreman and as the workmen could not understand English he recited some of his original poetry for his own edification."

Here the letter ended and the next day I started on a tour of the United States.

While on the Southern Pacific I met Blanche Lornsten who is a traveling nursemaid to a wealthy widow with five small boys.

In New Orleans I saw Marguerite Trotter who was there on a business trip with her husband—a Texas cowboy—who looks like a villain.

She told me that Gladys Pearson and Margaret West had become nurses in the United States army which is now paroling the border of Mexico.

When I arrived in Washington, D. C., I heard the newsboys crying "Extra," "Extra," and on buying one, the first thing that confronted me was the big blazing head lines "Jennie Bangsund" "Sensation of the House."

I further learn that Jennie has been elected State representative from Oregon and had made a big speech the day before but I was unable to learn what her subject was.

Theron Skyles was also at Washington as a special reporter to the "Morning Astorian."

From the New York newspapers I learned that Dorothy Dunbar and Sherman Mitchell had established a detective agency and were doing some startling work in the detective world.

I also learned that Eufem Lagnet, a leading suffragette of America had gone to the Fiji Islands for a much needed rest after a strenuous campaign.

For George McConnon the ties of home had become too strong and he had departed for Ireland where he expects to end his days on his quiet farm in the hills of his ancestor's country.

Having located all of my former classmates and feeling that they were all making good in the world, I left New York on the Northern Pacific for my Home in good old Astoria.

# The Senior Billboard--By Dorothy Dunbar

NAME	STAGE NAME	STARRING IN	FAVORITE LINES	NOTED FOR	AMBITION
Albert Anderson	Clumsy	The Tongues of Men	Oh, Curses	Poetic Temperament	A Writer of "Soft Stuff."
Jennie Bangsund	Jimmy	The Sunshine Girl	I Should Say So,	Haughty Manner	Basket Ball Champ.
Edward Beard	Biddie	A. Bachelor	Darn It ?	Leanness & Lankyness	An Olympic Winner.
Dorothy Dunbar	Dot	Bright Eyes	I Don't Wan' To (One, Two)	High Grades	To Wear a Frat. Pin.
John Finney	Bun	The Master Mind	Sure	Brilliancy and Unruly Feet	Ph. D. M. A. LL. D.
Russell Fox	Jraf	The Good Little Devil	For The Love of Pete	Pink and White Complexion	Musical Comedy Hero.
Georgiana Garner	George	The President's Secretary	Oh, Really?	Walking Ability	Physical Training Instructor.
DeWitt Gilbert	De	A Gentleman of Leisure	Ye-e-eta?	His Singing	A Second Klipping.
Carrie Glaser	Jack	Nearly Married	Honest To Goodness. Hkey.	Bashfulness	To Escape "Single Tax."
Gail Hardesty	Windy	The Girl I Left Behind Me	Honest To John	Managing Everything	To Graduate.
Anna Heikala	Anna	The Dear Little Girl That is Good	—Silence—	Extreme Quietness	A Teacher.
George Kaboth	Dutch	The Woman Hater	Well You See Its This Way	Pointless Jokes	Head of Bachelor's Club.
Blanche Lorntsen	Babe	Baby Mine	I Was Ticked Pink	Childish Ways	Trained Nurse.
Eufemia Lugnet	Euf	Votes For Women	I Like Latin	Stundious Habits	Latin Teacher.
George McConnon	Mac	The Midnight Sun	* — ? ! * ? * * !	Making Excuses	To Live Without Working.
Sherman Mitchell	Michael	Young Wisdom	An, Go On	His Extreme Youth?	"Bill."
Dorothy Montgomery	John D	The Skylark	Well,—that's Nice	Quick Temper	Second Tetrazzini.
Nancy Morrison	Pat	The Quaker Girl	You Dear Creature!	Sweet Disposition	To Rise in The World.
Gladys Pearson	Glad	The Fair Co-ed	How Well You Knew It.	Athletic Ability	Ed. Beard's Rival.
Hazel Pinnell	Hipo	High Jinks	Ish Ga worry	Cow-Ketish Glances	Capt. Volunteer Fire Dept.
Donald Roberts	Don	Grumpy	Oh Zoure	Bluffing	Pres. of Ocean Park R. R.
Theron Skyles	Skee	When Claudia Smiles	Oh, We Don't Care	Unlimited Nerve	Electrical Wizard.
Elva Staples	Elva	Miss Caprice	Get a Little Speed	Ragging	A Banker's Wife.
Marguerite Trotter	Peggy	Peg O' My Heart	Heavens To Betsy	A Bewitching Grin	Comic Opera Star.
Sam Vannice	Rusty	The Good-Natured Man	Come Off Your Perch	His Hair	Mayor of Warrenton.
Margaret West	Gret	Heine and Gretel	Believe Me	Borrowing Tendencies	Prim. Westport H. S.



The Junior Class.



# Junior Class Notes

(By Rose O'Farrell.)

The September term was not a busy one for the Juniors. Few meetings were called. The following officers served for the term: President, Wetzel Griffin; Vice Pres., Lorenz Logan; Secretary, Claudia Malarkey; Treasurer, Myrtle Linville; Editor, Jessie Garner.

Beginning with the February Term the Junior class assumed a businesslike air. This was their busy term. With the Junior Prom in view it was necessary for the class to find some means of raising funds for this entertainment. The following officers served for this term: Pres., Lorenz Logan; Vice pres., William Sigurdson; Secretary, Jessie Garner; Treasurer, Dale Howard; Editor, Rose O'Farrell, Sergeant-at-Arms, Claudia Malarkey.

Several meetings were called early in the semester and plans for raising money were discussed. It was finally decided that the Juniors should give a "County Fair". Several committees were chosen to carry on the arrangements of the "Fair." Lorenz Logan, President of the class, was the head of the committees. Undoubtedly, had it not have been for the untiring effort of our president the fair would not have been the great success it was. After almost a week of hard work preparing the building it was declared ready for the "big event." On Saturday evening, March 7th, the doors were thrown open and the big "Fair" began. The Parade, which began at seven-thirty, took in the business portion of the town and attracted great attention. When the parade drew up before the fair building it was followed by a great crowd of people all anxious to see the "Exhibits." Inside the building they found themselves surrounded by numerous interesting booths some of which were the Kiss Booth, The Chamber of Infamy; the Chamber of Horrors; the Fish Pond and many others. The Japanese Tea Garden was presided over by numerous pretty girls in Japanese costumes and proved an interesting feature of the evening. In this tea and ice cream and cake were enjoyed by the many visitors. The vaudeville stunt proved to be "the event of the Fair." It was composed of several acts. The one that caused the most applause was the six year old Praci Twins in the dance act. This was a reproduction of all the latest dances and was carried out so well by the youthful participants that it was greatly enjoyed by all. The other acts were also interesting.

The "Fair" was a big success and the Juniors made a good sum of money as a result of their efforts.

Several ice cream sales were given by the class and we now see a clear way for the Prom as far as finances are concerned. The class hopes to make this the best Prom ever given and from present indications it will certainly be so.





The Sophomore Class.

# Sophomore Class Notes

(By Grace Hammarstrom.)

The Sophomore class this year, tho' perhaps not the greatest in numbers, nevertheless has shown itself industrious and capable of doing things. The first meeting was held for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing term,—the following being elected:—

President, Louise Morgan; Vice President, Agnes Lahti; Secretary and Treasurer; Annie Nelson; Sergeant-at-Arms, Walter Anderson; Girl's Basket Ball Mgr., Ellen Wilson; Boy's Basket Ball Mgr., Charles Moad; Editor, Grace Hammarstrom.

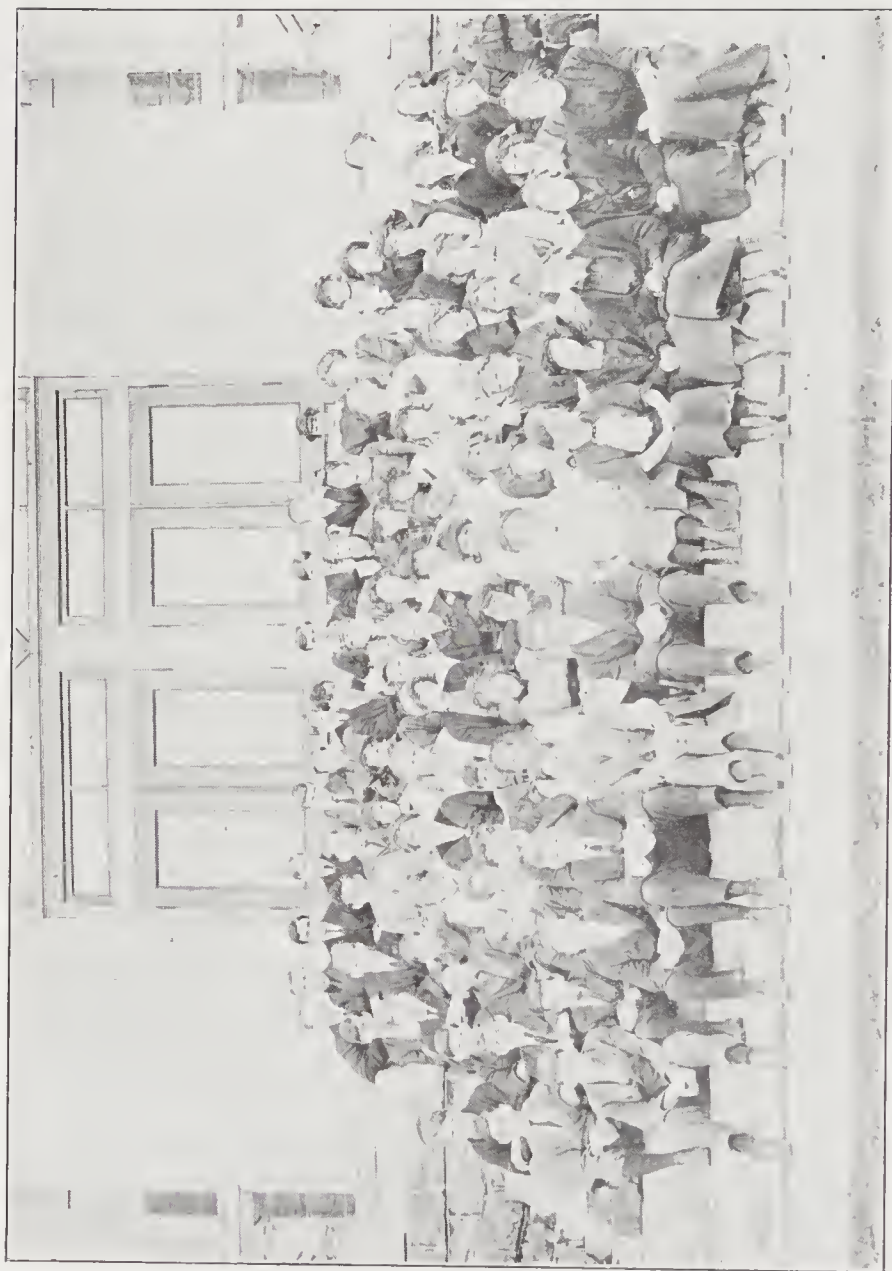
The Sophomores have taken an active part in athletics and have put forth a strong team in Basket Ball, as they easily excelled the Freshmen in the two games played with them, we have great expectations of their doing good work in track.

The Sophomores in putting forth that zeal which characterizes them have succeeded also in the social world. In addition to an affair given at the A. O. U. W. Hall, the Sophomores entertained informally at the home of Miss Henriette Paulsen. Now as the weather is better and summer is really approaching, there is a great promise of picnics and walkouts, one of which has already taken place and proved a great success. The Sophomores are ready to have a good time and have set a pace which would be hard to excel.

The offices of the spring term were filled by:—

Max Riley, President; Bryan Ross, Vice President; Charles Moad, Secretary and Treasurer; Dorothy Wootton, Sergeant-at-Arms; Grace Hammarstrom, Editor.





The Freshman Class.

# Freshman Class Notes

(By Lynette Swenson.)

The first meeting of the Freshman Class was held on the twenty-ninth of September. The election of President took place, Horace Trotter being elected. A committee of one was appointed to see about the "Peg-Up" held October the third.

Another meeting was called on October the seventh, when the election of the following officers took place:

Alex Bremner, Vice President; Edith Davies, Secretary; Jane Smith Treasurer; Dorothy Wootten, Editor; Robert Rassmussen, Sergeant at Arms.

A special meeting of the Freshmen Class was called on October the seventeenth. A committee was appointed to attend to the Freshman appearance in the parade, and to prepare for the Freshman Class banners.

The Freshman Class held a special meeting on Wednesday, October 28th for the purpose of levying a tax on the members of the class. A ten (10) cent tax was decided upon.

Another meeting of the class was held on December third. The election of managers for the boy's and girl's basketball teams took place, resulting as follows: Girls manager, Florence Read, Boys manager, Joe Dyer.

(By Faye Hall.)

The following is the result of the election of officers for the second semester.

President, Horace Trotter; Vice President, Harold Larkin; Secretary, Lynette Swensen; Treasurer, Robert Burns; Editor, Fay Hall; Sergeant-at-Arms, James Keating.

The Freshman Class has been active in athletics this semester. The boys have proved their ability at track in the recent inter-class track meet having made eighteen points.

Our president, Horace Trotter, gained honor for the class by being presented with a letter for distinguishing himself in foot-ball.

A number of meetings were held; one for the purpose of determining the Freshman appearance in the Junior Fair Parade on March seventh and another for the purpose of deciding the matter of having the Freshman picture in the Annual Zephyrus.

The Freshmen are making plans for their picnic, which will be held in the near future. On the whole, the Freshman Class is nothing to be ashamed of.







“Some Class”

## “Some Class” Notes

(By One of Them)

### *PRELUDE.*

“Huh,” said Ike with a contented grunt, “You do it.”

“Nope,” answered I, “that’s an impossibility, besides I’m too busy. But I’ll ask the “Seer” and try to convince him to, but it’s a slim chance.” So off I went down the hall and after a non-productive hunt for two minutes, I found Bill or the “Seer”, at the beginning of the third, conversing diligently on some topic such as Love as a Disease, extracted from the Literary Digest.

I simply had to intrude for time was entering ancient history at a fast clip and something had to be done about it.

“Bill” chirped I “have you written the animals of the class as yet?” He turns upon his right heel, and gazes at me with a Julius Caesar expression, plus some humor, and oozes—“Nope, I haven’t.” and re-enters his animated discourse on how a smokey liver is the result of infatuation for some one.

Well Ike wouldn’t, the Seer wouldn’t, the History had to be written so as usual I was the goat.—

### *Herewith the History.*

On a bleak day, in the month of January, in the year nineteen hundred and fourteen, three illustrious individuals, attending the Astoria High School, came to the conclusion that they were being mistreated by their fellow students. They were excluded from class meetings, not because they couldn’t



attend, Oh, no! far be it from such. It was because they felt that they were in a class by themselves. Truly they were.

After many and sundry eventful happenings, which led up to that bleak day in January, steps had to be taken by the aforementioned three, to protect their honor as a united body and as individuals. Therefore a grand rally was acclaimed, orders were given, notices were posted, everyone was notified to attend a public meeting which was to be held *secretly* in the boiler room. The attendance was great, the temple was packed, the crowd was enthused, but the only ones present were the illustrious three.

Nothing daunted they proceeded to put into operation plans for organization of an influential body. Officers were elected, committees were appointed and work began. It was decided by a majority vote of the three, that elections should be held every time the clock ticked so that every one would get a whack at honorable positions. The latest results are as follows:

Grand Allsmiles, The Jester, Ike Ross; Janitor's Mate, Seer Sigurdson; Hizzonor the Cook, Bringham Griffin.

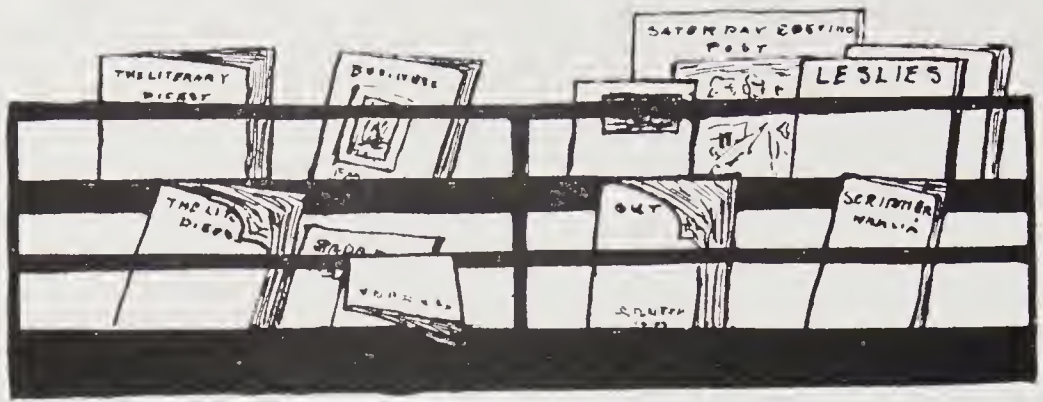
When it was discovered that they meant business, the Remaining Element of the High School, treated the newly formed class with the greatest courtesy, and have continued to do so.

After a hot debate, which lasted all of twenty-three seconds, it was decided by an unanimous vote, to install their "smiling countenances" and the rest, in the annual. So amid the crash of plates and the smiles of the photographer, the nigh-impossible was accomplished. The Business Mgr. at first objected strenuously to our good intentions but under the strong arguments of the Seer, the classical wit of Ike and the threats of Bringham, he succumbed to heart failure and yielded his point.

The class has been a success in every way—the only thing lacking is a suitable name for such a wonderful organization.

THUS ENDS THE HISTORY





## Sand, or the Story of the Little Gold Medal

*First Choice of the Judges.*

(By Sherman Mitchell, '14.)

I suppose you remember Ed. Stone. Yes? Well, I have another of his experiences to tell you about, not so exciting perhaps as the first, but equally as interesting, I am sure. This story centers around two things, a little gold medal that he shows to anyone interested; and the chief factor in winning for him the medal: Sand.

Before I go on with my story, I want to describe the little trophy. In shape, it is a square. Around the edge is a narrow border of polished gold while the center with the exception of the lettering is dull gold carved with conventional designs. On the front and in the center of this is the familiar Santa Fe trademark in raised gold letters. On the back of the medal is this inscription:

Presented by the A. T. & S. F. Ry. to Edward H. Stone in appreciation of services rendered. December 25, 1899.

Upon my requesting him to tell me all the details in connection with the winning of the medal, Ed lit his pipe, assumed a retrospective air and proceeded.

"You've been firing long enough to know that it takes sand to run a train; and you can take that both ways, too." I assented, and he continued. "I had occasion to use both the day that I earned this little medal.

"It was in June, 1899 that notices came out from the Post-office Department that a trial run for a twenty-five year mail contract between Bakersfield and Fresno would take place on August 1. There was, besides our road, the S. P. running between the two places, so there was bound to be great rivalry. Both roads were to send a train out of Bakersfield at noon on August, and the first mailsack in the Fresno Postoffice was to determine which road would get the contract.

"Both roads were very anxious to win out; work trains were sent out to make the road beds safer and faster and we each had a fine new engine sent

out from the East. Our engine came on July 20th and at the same time a gritty looking little Scotchman with blue eyes, sandy hair and a stubby mustache of the same color as his hair asked for and was given a job in the Bakerfield Roundhouse. 'Sandy' was put to work sanding up the new engine. He seemed to be very anxious to get the sand domes plumb full and besides he seemed to have a lot of knowledge about an engine, so much so that I couldn't help but have slight suspicions.

"The morning of the day we were to go out, the foreman and I went over the engine very thoroughly. She was modern in every way. One thing we noticed were the tubes running into every journal box on the engine. Neither of us knew for what use the tubes were, nor could we decide exactly. Sandy explained that all the new engines had these tubes for feeding the oil automatically. Being in a hurry to get out to our train we took his word for it.

"The two cars of our train were filled with a number of prominent citizens who wished to accompany the U. S. Mail Clerk and the Mail Sack to its destination. At exactly twelve we got our highball and rolled out of the station and through town like a combination of a mad bull and a frightened deer. My, how that big 2951 could ramble. Never hogged a better engine until they got these new Atlantics.

"We hadn't gone far before I saw the Western sky darkening and I knew we were likely to be in for it, because when it rains here in California, which is seldom the case, it RAINS. The railroad man has just one antidote for rain, that is sand in copious quantities,—on the rails. If you get sand in any other place, look out for trouble.

"Part of our track a little further on ran along beside a little stream, usually nearly dry, which was the only drainage for many miles of surrounding country. In order to keep as straight a track as possible we crossed this river several times.

"By the time we reached this stream there was at least a foot of water standing in the fields to either side, and where there had been a shallow little trickle there was a rushing torrent of muddy water. It was raining so hard and the water was splashing so high at times that we couldn't see ten feet ahead of the engine. I could feel that the track was soggy in places so I slowed down and crept over the flat. Meanwhile I was using a little sand to keep the drives from tearing up any track and every thing worked O. K.

"After getting over the flat safely, I again opened her up to get a run at a long hill we had to climb. Here I was obliged to use sand for quite a distance. Suddenly I felt a couple of thuds come from the pilot and I plugged her expecting to find a broken pilot beam. As far as I could see we had hit a couple of steers, so kept on. We were still on the hill and still using sand. The engine went along fairly well but didn't pick up as she should have done. I tried the brakes; they weren't sticking, but soon we heard the most blood-curdling squeaks and gratings, accompanied by the familiar smell of hot-boxes, coming from the tender-trucks. "Hot-boxes, galore," shouted my fireman. I told him no use trying to fix them for it was still pouring down, we had to hurry to get to Fresno and we had only eight miles to go.

"We were making the best time we could, which was getting slower right along because of the sand getting into the valves. I knew what was wrong just as soon as the valves began to work hard. "If we can only make her run 'till we reach the city limits we can catch a street-car into town and maybe win yet,"

remarked my 'tallow,' quite optimistic. And that's just what we did. I ran her up to the end of the line, took the mail clerk and the sack with me and ordered the motorman to highball into town as fast as he could go. I could hear the S. P. coming in only a short distance behind. Suddenly I remembered that they had to cross the tracks of the street car line before reaching town. We beat them to the crossing by about a minute and I told the crew to spot the car directly across the S. P. tracks. The clerk and I took the sack, ran the six blocks to the Postoffice and amid the shouts of the crowd assembled, registered in.

"I went back to the car and fully expected to be lynched, but they never knew that I caused the car to be spotted where she was, because a broken wire some place on the line tied up traffic for some little time and they couldn't move the car.

"From here I went to the Roundhouse to get a switch engine to tow us in. The 2951, our engine, was practically ruined, every journal box and all the valves having been filled with sand from the "automatic feeders." We were all pretty 'sore' for that one engine was worth a good many years of the contract. 'Never mind' I told them, 'we won't have to pay the damages. I have a pretty good idea that our friends the Espees will have a nice little bill to foot before long.' "

"Then you played detective?" I asked Ed.

"Right you are. First, I returned to Bakersfield and found that Sandy had blown away. I heard he had been seen in Pasadena and so I followed to that place. Finding no signs of him there I went to Los Angeles where I looked in every hangout of railroaders. He had been in some of them too but not during the three days before I came. Leaving Los Angeles I traced him to San Pedro, thence to Venice and finally to Long Beach where I registered at the Virginian. I looked over the register and found among the arrivals of the day before the name, Duncan MacGregor. That was the only Scotch name there and I felt that I had my man at last.

"Next day I went out for a walk down the beach in order to look for Sandy. 'What if I do see him, I won't be able to do anything with him,' thought I. Well, it would be some satisfaction to see him, anyway. Soon I saw a well dressed, stout man strolling toward me, a lady on each side. As they neared me I saw it was Sandy and I buried my nose in a newspaper to avoid being recognized.

"I hastened on past the three, intending to turn and follow them as soon as I was far enough behind to escape suspicion.

"Just as I was about to turn around I saw an envelope lying on the beach. I picked it up and opened it. The contents was a jumbled up mess of figures which I took to be a cipher message. It looked like this:

41 cats 4616 must 36, 23 part 48, 278 Vernon 28, 425, 23 is 24 345 out. 36, 497. 3, 31, 453, 341. I had only one clue; the message was addressed to James T. Bronson, Gen. Supt. A. P. R. R., New York.

"I worked and worked on this message and about decided to give it up as a bad job but I made up my mind to try once more. I took the twenty-six letters and gave them various numbers and divisions. That didn't work. I remember how once I had taken the alphabet and the ten numbers and divided in to four rows for a chart in a correspondence school drawing course. 'By gum,

I'll do that,' I said and so I went on. I tried them up and down, criss-cross and every way finally finding a good combination this way:

9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1.

row 4. a b c d e f g h i

row 3. j k l m n o p q r

row 2. s t u v w x y z 1

row 4. 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0.

"Now I worked it out that the first number was the row number, the next, the number of the letters. Whenever you changed rows, you put in a comma; if two or more letters from the same row came together no comma was used. Also every third word of the blind to be used. I finally worked it out this way:

"I did my part but they won out!" MacGregor.

"Satisfied so far, I watched him closely and got plenty of proof that he was a high official of the S. P. with headquarters in New Orleans.

"I completed the chain of evidence when I bribed the public stenographer for a copy of a letter MacGregor had sent to headquarters the first day of his stay at Long Beach. It told all about his doctoring the engine, how we passed over the sand pipes at his explanation, how the weather had favored them and how the streetcar had stalled right on the crossing, losing the prize for them.

"On the strength of the evidence we had, the S. P. paid all damages to our engine and we had Mr. MacGregor sent up to San Quentin where he is still reducing stone to sand, as it were.

"For my part, I received this little medal and the privilege of taking any run on the road. My job is guaranteed to me as long as I live, if I want to work that long or I can retire at 65 on full pay. I am sure of one thing: I will never be pensioned by the S. P."

THE END.





# The Two Rivers

*Second Choice of the Judges.*

(By Ethel Jacobson, '16.)

Long, long, ago two great Indian chiefs, White Wolf and Elk Tooth, quarrelled over two beautiful rivers called the Netel and the Wauna. The Netel, which is now Young's river, was once as large and deep as the Wauna, or Columbia, and they flowed side by side for many miles, separated only by a narrow strip of land, until their waters intermingled with the waters of the ocean's. Elk Tooth claimed possession of the Wauna; White Wolf, the Netel, and from these rivers both of the chiefs obtained fish as food for their tribes. There was, however, a great enmity between the warriors, for the Netel was not as beautiful as the Wauna, and White Wolf felt the bitterest hatred toward his one time friend, for of all things he most desired this stream. He was a very proud warrior and was so well known for his cruelty that even the tribe feared his anger. However, there was one thing he loved as well as the forbidden river and that was his beautiful daughter, Mowitza. This maiden was beloved by all for her kind deeds and cheerfulness, and every Indian worshipped her. There was, nevertheless, one thing which greatly displeased her father, and this was that she was in love with the young buck, Fleet Foot, the son of Elk Tooth. Elk Tooth was very much devoted to his handsome, fearless son, and he would do much to please him. Mowitza and Fleet Foot, greatly wished to form again a friendship between their fathers, but this would never be, for both warriors were unrelenting. There could never be peace until one of the tribes had control of both rivers. Finally Fleet Foot asked for Mowitza, and White Wolf refused to sell her for anything but this river. At first there was great wrath among the warriors of Elk Tooth's tribe, but at last they consented in order to see the Chief's son happy. The people were very sorrowful when they knew of this, and sadly packed their tepees preparing to leave. The day was at length drawing near for Elk Tooth's people to move, and for Fleet Foot's wedding. All the braves and warriors met and held a great council between the two rivers. The ceremony had been performed, and the tribes were quickly going to seek shelter, for a great pelting storm arose. It grew very dark, and the lightning flashed in great forked streaks, and the wind madly churned and dashed the waters into seething masses which drenched everything. Great consternation reigned among the people, for they thought the Gods did not approve of their transaction. All night long the storm raged on, and Mowitza and Fleet Foot had gone to their wigwam between the two great rivers. Early in the morning the storm abated and the tribe went to look once more for the last time upon their beautiful Wauna. But suddenly there arose a great bemoaning and wailing, and White Wolf's tribe in wonder rushed to their doors, and, as they looked, the Netel had grown shallow and slow, and the land was gone with Mowitza and Fleet Foot. The great spirit, Gitche Manito, had had his revenge upon White Wolf for his greediness and the small neck of land had swept away, so the Netel's waters flowed and join-

ed with the Wauna's and from there on it flowed its course to the sea. White Wolf was crazed with grief, for his star Mowitza was gone, and his Netel had lost its splendor and glory. Unable to bear stoically these misfortunes, he one day leaped from a bank and was drowned in the peaceful waters. His tribe under a new chief left the evil land and gave Elk Tooth all. Thus Elk Tooth's generosity was awarded for the beauty of the Wauna increased.

Even now you may see Young's river's waters join the Columbia's and from there they together flow peacefully into the mighty Pacific.



# The Isolated Eden

(By Dorothy Montgomery, '14.)

Musingly I watched the tiny rings of smoke drift upward from my pipe and melt into the air, disappearing never to return, like so many of our dreams, and fond, though idle, musings. Across from me sat my friend and boyhood confidant indulging in silent reverie. It was ten years since I had seen him, in fact not since we parted a few days after our graduation from Oxford. I looked at him now, comparing the man I beheld with the boy I so sorrowfully took leave of. He was twenty-two then, gay and irresponsible, bubbling over with the joy of living, and the anticipation of what life would bring forth. With this outlook he had plunged into his work with all the ardor and fire of his young strength. He had succeeded, men with such determination always do; and now he was the lion of the hour, England's greatest author and critic. Sought after by the wealthy and noble of the land, dogged by reporters to catch the slightest word that would thrust him further in the limelight, the guest of honor at this function and that, he had fled in disgust and horror at the shallowness of society to my quiet home among the Derbyshire hills. The man I beheld was older than his thirty-two years should have made him. There were lines across his brow and his features were stern, as if fate had not dealt kindly with him. His eyes, once so clear and trusting, were keen, and shades of bitterness and sorrow strove incessantly for mastership in them, while streaks of silver prematurely marred the blackness of his hair.

My thoughts were interrupted by the subject of them, who, forcing himself out of his own dreams as if they were a forbidden pleasure, asked me casually,

"Well, Mills, you haven't told me what you think of my latest. Come, give me your opinion. You know I value it above all others except ———." Here he stopped, and leaving the sentence unfinished, watched me with the shade of sorrow supreme in his eyes.

"His latest" was his most recent book and the cause of his present fame. It was a highly fanciful story entitled "The Isolated Eden," and had spread thru the country like wild-fire, bringing forth an immense amount of criticism, favorable and unfavorable; good and bad.

I hesitated a moment wondering vaguely concerning the unfinished sentence, but thinking it one of his many peculiarities, dismissed it lightly from my mind and answered truthfully.

"It is a splendid story and immensely interesting and I have read it twice, but it———."

"Ends very unsatisfactorily?" finished Meredith for me.

"Yes, that's what I mean," I said quickly, "Why do you cause your hero to lose all happiness just when he has found it? It is most unsatisfactory and leaves one in an atmosphere of doubt."

"The truth is often unsatisfactory," my friend responded, and the sorrow in his eyes was crowded out by the shade of bitterness.

“The truth?” I looked my surprise with questioning face. “Why you don’t mean to tell me that story is true?”

Meredith laughed at my incredulity, and settling deeper in his chair gazed into the fast falling dusk before he spoke.

“It all happened in Ireland two years ago,” he began, “when I was on one of my vacations. The month was September and the day a glorious perfection of Indian Summer. I tramped here and there, resting very seldom for fear of losing some of the wonders I beheld. Evening came and I turned my footsteps back towards town, but somehow I was unable to find the path by which I had come. I walked on and on until, weary and foot-sore I sat down discouraged. It was getting late although twilight was slowly darkening, for the evenings in Ireland are unusually long. It was quite plain to see I was lost, and the prospects of spending the night in the great woods were far from pleasant. Looking around me I noticed the place was thick with tall, heavily foliaged trees which seemed to grow as far as I could see, in the form of a thick hedge. Curiosity overmastered fatigue and anxiety, and I followed the line of trees trying to peer through to the other side, but the barrier was void of any break or crevice. Then without warning I stumbled over a root and my feet must have touched a hidden spring, for suddenly a stream of light played against the thick network of leaves, and a door, about four feet high, and wide enough for an ordinary man to pass through without difficulty, slowly swung open. A fear possessed me, the lust of adventure soon killed it and I entered through the strange door with all the boldness of ownership. As soon as I entered, the opening closed and I stood seemingly alone in the most wonderful garden nature ever brought forth.” Here he stopped, and although the darkness prohibited me from seeing, I knew neither sorrow nor bitterness held his eyes, but only the vision of the past. I was silent, and soon he continued in tones tense with passion.

“I cannot describe it to you as it was, though I tried to portray it in my book. Yes it will remain burned deep upon my memory until my last hour. It stretched in one long, smooth expanse of velvet, green and fresh and beautiful. Strange trees with verdant foliage grew straight and graceful and the perfume of flowers scented the night air. The flowers were, I noticed, all white, a fact which heightened the effect and made it unearthly. In the midst of the garden, throwing its clear waters high, was a marble fountain, pure and spotless as newly fallen snow. It was the work of God, grand and holy, and its enchanted sweetness held me awed.

Out of the silence a soft rustle, more like the wafting of a summer breeze, came to me, and turning my fascinated eyes towards it—I beheld an angel,” a long sigh escaped him, almost a sob, and I felt, more than saw the rigidity of his body. “She was all in white, and her gown fell about her like a cloud. She gazed at me with eyes so blue and full of innocent wonder that I was shaken with a great passion of love. But she was not spiritual and the warm blood of life flowed through her veins, softly flushing her cheek and brow. She took my hand and led me silently through the wonderful garden to a spot enclosed by a vine-covered lattice. Here was food and wine, the sight of which caused me to remember that I was ravenously hungry, hungrier than I ever was before. My companion smiled and offered me a goblet filled with the wine. It was dark and rich, and I drank it eagerly, wondering all the while what I should say and why she did not talk. Almost immediately I was overcome with drowsiness and

the intense desire to sleep drove the spell of the garden and even the image of the saintly girl from my mind. That is all I remember except for the sinking sensation that came over me, a sensation which, struggle as I would I could not overcome. When I awoke it was early morning and I found myself lying at the entrance of the magic door. My hand rested on the root I had stumbled over and the ground around me was wet with dew. But the garden was gone, for though I searched for months I could not find the spring that had given me a glimpse of happiness and then shut me out in eternal darkness. It was gone and with it went my hopes and desires and all that held life worth living."

As he finished I heard him move uneasily and draw in his breath with a quivering sigh. I was silent. How could I tell him that I believed it all a dream? No, I would not shatter his idol and then I stopped. Could it possibly have happened? I turned to speak and as quickly closed my lips. The moon had risen and its soft light disclosed my friend deep in dreams. He was again in the enchanted garden wandering hand in hand with his dream girl and happy in "The Isolated Eden." So I stole softly away leaving him alone in the wonderful land.

FINIS.





# The Silent Sister

*An Episode of the Great Lakes.*

(By Russell Fox, '14.)

The hot wave had come early that year. Toward the end of May the heat in Chicago was well nigh unendurable and by June the city launched upon one of the hottest spells it has ever experienced. So intense was the heat that the exodus to the various Canadian lake resorts was unusually large, so large in fact, that the capacity of the steamers was taxed to their uttermost and in order to accommodate the unusually large crowd, accommodations for the extra number of passengers were made in each stateroom.

On one of these early June mornings, the "Superior," a steamer running on the Great Lakes, was at her slip, preparatory to her usual weekly run. The warning whistle had blown and her decks were rapidly clearing when thru the crowded wharf two darkly clothed figures, easily recognized as Roman Catholic Sisters, were seen hastily making their way toward the boat.

The taller spoke, "I must see the Captain at once," she said.

"At present that is impossible," said the man at the gang-plank. "But the purser probably can attend to you."

Once in his room she introduced herself, speaking in a soft, modulated tone, so characteristic of women of that order.

"This is Sister Angela and I am Sister Superior," she said. "Sister Angela will occupy Room 49, which was originally intended for one of the boarders at our convent. But circumstances, of which I am not at liberty to disclose, deemed it necessary for Angela to come in her place. Not expecting to take this trip, two days ago she went into a fortnight's retreat, and accordingly she will remain silent throughout the trip, as speaking is absolutely forbidden during these seclusions. She has a pad with her, on which she will write her desires, if she has any. Will you see that her meals are sent regularly to her room?" "Certainly," answered the purser. "and I shall explain all to her roommate."

"Her roommate," exclaimed Sister Superior, "I don't understand."

"The increase in travel during the last week has made it absolutely necessary for us to double up," he explained, "so Room 49 will hold two passengers this trip. But everything will be satisfactorily settled, I assure you."

With these words a cruel sly almost sneaking look came over the sister's face. So brief was it that it seemed like a shadow, a mere suggestion of an evil appearance, for the next minute it was gone and the Sister's face was again serene.

"I thank you," she said, and hastily departed.

By the second day out, Miss Bealah, Sister Angela's roommate, should have become accustomed to her strange companion, but the fact was she felt more uncomfortable than ever about her. She was returning to her Canadian home almost a nervous wreck, having been called to Chicago by the brutal murder of her Grandfather, a wealthy banker of that city, so perhaps in her nervous her mind exaggerated the case, and her brooding over the fact that the murderer had escaped certainly did not help the matter. Nevertheless, exag-

gerated or not, this Sister seemed to her a most peculiar person and an unusual atmosphere seemed to surround her. The very ties that unexplainably draw woman to woman were absent, and try as Miss Bealah would to make her comfortable, she was always greeted with a cold stinging glance that seemed to penetrate to the depths of her heart and there read the one that "What does this mean?"

The purser and Miss Bealah, pursuing the prevalent custom aboard ship, became acquainted early in the voyage, and spent hours pacing the broad decks, he, to try to detract her thoughts, if possible, from her terrible misfortune and she to seek relief from the unnatural atmosphere of her stateroom. On this second afternoon the two were on their now customary walk, when the subject of the sister came up.

"Strange, isn't it," said the young woman, "the way that unusual person was put in my room?"

"I don't like her attitude," Miss Bealah continued frankly, "the very atmosphere doesn't seem natural with her around."

"That is probably because you never before traveled with a Roman Catholic Sister," the purser assured her. "You must remember that what you have been thru in the past few days has been a great strain on you. The shock of receiving news of such an awful occurrence would unstring the nerves of anyone. At another time you probably would think nothing wrong with the Sister."

As they continued on this subject Miss Bealah was aware of a strange expression stealing over the face of her confidant, and as she watched every change, every twitch of a muscle of his face as she continued to relate the strange actions of her room-mate.

"This does seem unusual," the purser agreed when she asked him point-blank if he didn't think it queer.

They were nearing Room 49. Suddenly he stopped, and, reaching down, lifted her in his arms and carried her toward her room.

"Feign seasickness," he whispered, as they came to her door, "it's our only chance to clear up this mystery."

With his free arm he turned the knob, and without warning, opened the door, intending to take her in and, carrying out his plan, place her in her berth. But the sight which met their eyes caused them both to gasp, and made Miss Bealah work herself out of his grasp and run screaming out on deck. There, before the mirror, dressed not as a Sister of Charity, but in men's clothing, stood Sister Angela ————shaving!

With a fiendish-like yell which proved by its tone that its owner was a man, he sprang, razor in hand, at the purser.

In the struggle that ensued the purser had well-nigh downed his antagonist, when, with an almost superhuman effort, the "Sister" freed himself. Once up, he uttered a laugh, a scornful, defiant laugh and, without further attacking the purser, he made straight for the rail where, by means of the shrouds and ratlines he gained a standing posture. Once again he laughed, and with it uttered an oath, and then, without a second's hesitation he plunged himself headfirst into the lake and was immediately lost to sight.

By the time the ship was stopped and a boat lowered, it was too late—the body could not be recovered.

A thoro search of the habits revealed nothing and it was not until several

hours later that Miss Bealah found in a corner of the stateroom a prayer-book, which, she remembered, the "Sister" had invariably held tightly clasped. In the forepage was a diagram of a stateroom with "No. 49" inscribed below. A heavy cross marked a corner of the room, and, looking in that direction, she saw the razor her room-mate had been using when discovered.

She picked it up, and the purser, who was searching with her, was aware of a ghostly paleness coming over her.

"Look," she cried in a voice full of terror, "Look."

The purser took it. There, inscribed in Old English lettering on the handle was the inscription, "H. C. Bealah."

"Don't you see, can't you tell, what it means?" wailed Miss Bealah, as she burst into an agony of tears. "Don't you comprehend?"

But there was nothing to comprehend, the razor showed, without the necessity of any thot on the subject, what she meant.

Miss Bealah's room-mate, the Silent Sister of only the previous day, had been the murderer of her grandfather.

FINIS.



# All Because of a Girl

(By Rose O'Farrell.)

Jack Lyons in his Junior year at Yarlow College, was considered the star player on the baseball nine. Jack was pitcher for the team and in many games had won fame for his school by holding his opponents from scoring in the most critical period of the game. But recently Jack had neglected his practice and in the last game Yarlow lost to Wilbur College Nine, a weak team. Whispers around college were to the effect that the game was lost because Lyons had not displayed his usual skill in pitching. Some of these whispers reached the ears of the Juniors slabman. He was angered greatly and determined to show the fellows at the next game just what he could do. Saturday noon the manager came to Jack and told him a game was scheduled with Meades College to be played in two weeks. Meades had held the championship of the state the year before and Yarlow knew they would have a hard game. The manager told Jack he heard some of the members of the team talking with the captain. They decided to give Lyons one more chance. If he turned out regularly to practice and regained his lost skill he had a chance to play in the big game, but if he neglected practice, Dean, the big jolly Freshman, would fill his place. Dean certainly had done some fine pitching in practice lately. Lyons thanked the manager for his well meant advice and walked out to the grounds. Boys in groups were standing around everywhere talking excitedly of the coming game. In one of these groups was the captain and several members of the team. As Lyons came up the conversation ceased abruptly and he well knew it was of him they were talking. The captain of the team, Jimmy Burns, was the first to break the silence. "Well Lyons, I suppose you've heard about the game with Meades. Coming out to practice tonight?"

"Yes I'll be there. About four o'clock, as usual, I suppose?"

"Yes, four o'clock. We've got to get in some hard practice this week and especially you, Jack. You know you've missed a lot of training lately."

"All right I'll be there," and Jack turned on his heel and walked away. He was feeling badly over the events of the day and decided to take a walk just to get away from the excitement and be alone with his thoughts. Yes he'd show the bunch at school that he could pay ball. He'd go out every day for practice and work like he'd never worked before. As he was walking alone occupied with his thoughts he was aroused from his reverie by a familiar voice. "I say, Jack. What's your hurry?" Lyons stopped short and stared at the occupant of the big touring car. "Hello, Billy. Where on earth did you come from? Thought you were gone out West."

"Oh I changed my plans. I'm going to wait a week. But I say Jack jump in and we'll take a spin."

"Sorry, Billie, I can't come. Baseball practice at four and I must be there. You know we're going to play Meades two weeks from now and we have to work hard if we're going to beat them."

"It's only three now," urged Billy. "We can have a nice little spin and

get back in time for practice. Come on Jack. Jump in." That was enough for Jack. He was in in a second and they were speeding along headed for the nice shady street that lead out to the country road.

"So Yarlow's going to play Meades. By Jove, I believe I'll stay over and see that game. You're going to pitch, of course."

"Well I don't know, I hav'n't worked out much lately and Dean is getting to be fine pitcher. Chances are they'll put him in in my place. But I'm going to try hard for it, Billy. I think if I work hard I'll get back in good shape again. I've really neglected practice very much lately."

All this time the car was speeding along over the smooth country road. The boys were enjoying it immensely. When they had travelled eight miles from town and just as they were about to turn around and go back, they saw, a short distance ahead of them a car which seemed to be broken down. A lone occupant in the front seat attracted their attention. She was June Harper, a very close friend of Jack. The boys went to assist her and found that the engine was broken and would not work. The only thing to do was to tow the machine back to town.

It took some time to turn the injured car around and when they started back for town it was 3:45. Billy drove as quickly as possible but he knew they could never reach town by four o'clock. Jack Lyons was the only one in the car who knew what the result of the ride would be. Dean would go in the pitcher's box that afternoon and he would lose his chance to pitch in the big game. Well anyway he was glad they had come because they had helped June out of her trouble. Maybe Burns would understand when he explained the cause of his delay. At 4:15 the big green car swung around the corner and stopped in front of the college. Jack jumped out, bade his friends a hasty adieu ran to his room, and a few minutes later emerged arrayed in his baseball suit. He soon reached the grounds where practice was already in full swing with Dean in the pitcher's box. No one heeded his arrival so Jack stood and watched the game. After a while Captain Burns came to him and with a scowl on his face demanded to know what Jack meant by coming out to practice that late. When he heard of the afternoon adventure he sneered in a peculiar manner as tho he did not believe Jack's story. As he turned and walked out in the field he threw back over his shoulder, "You don't have to come out to practice anymore. Dean can fill your place."

Jack walked away from the field. All his dreams about the big game "shattered." No more baseball for him. The days passed quickly. The team was working hard preparing for the big game.

Saturday came at last with it Meade's champion team. Jack took his friend June to the game. The grandstand and bleachers were crowded. College pennants were everywhere and college yells could be heard for blocks around. The game was on. Dean was at the pitcher's box with Burns behind the bat. Four innings and the score stood 4 to 0 in favor of Meades. Dean was throwing wild. Burns was unable to locate the balls. Everything was in a state of wild confusion. No not everything, for Meade's men were playing surely. Jack Lyons sat on the grandstand trying to control himself. It hurt him to see his team being beaten by Meade's. The 6th inning and Meade's was in again. The score now stood 6 to 0 in favor of Meades.

Shouts from Yarlow rooters attracted the attention of the crowds, Lyons.



Lyons, we want Lyons. A crowd gathered around the captain. After a short time Dean came running toward the grandstand. He stopped in front of Jack.

"Come on, Lyons we need you. Get your suit as quickly as possible. I told them I could not fill your place. Now they know it. Burns made me do it." Jack hesitated. Only a moment tho. June leaned toward him and whispered: "Go on Jack. I know you can hold them down. You always do. I'll root just as hard as I can for you". Jack was off in a second. Across the grounds to the gym. In a few minutes he returned in his uniform. The crowd cheered madly. Meade's was silent. They had heard of Lyons before. Jack took his place at the box. Burns gave the signal. Strike one! Strike two! Strike three! Out! yelled the umpire. Meade's was getting excited. Second man up. One strike, two strikes, three strikes. Out. Next man at the bat was Meade's star player. He picked up the bat, coolly took his place and made ready for the play. Lyons threw a straight ball. It came right towards the batter; strike one. The ball had curved and dropped low. Once more. This time again the ball came straight for the bat. He struck again. Strike two. The ball had suddenly glanced upward. By this time Meades' man was becoming excited. The ball passed right over the plate; strike three, out. Meades was out.

Yarlow at the bat. The luck was changed. The first man walked to first. Meades' pitcher was excited. Second man up knocked the ball out in the field. The third man took up the bat. Third strike and the ball went out in the field. The men moved up. Three bases filled and Jack Lyons at the bat. Strike one—strike two—The next one was a low ball. Jack gave a quick swoop with the bat and picked the ball almost off the ground. It flew out over the center field. The fielder started in pursuit. The three men on the bases ran home. Jack made third. Some one hollered, "Home, Jack, home." Jack ran. The ball was also on its way home. The catcher stood ready. Jack slid in to home. The catcher stooped and touched him with the ball. "Safe," yelled the umpire. The crowds went wild. Yarlow's rooters rooted more loudly, and pennants waved wildly. Everyone yelled for Lyons. Yarlow had Meades going. They tied the score that inning before they were retired to the field. Meades came to bat for their last inning.

Jack looked toward the grandstand and saw his friend, June, waving his college pennant. Jim caught his glance and waved harder. Jack knew it was all for him. He pitched as he never had done before. Maybe it was because Jack wanted to show Burns that he could still play ball, or most likely it was because he remembered the words "I know you can hold them Jack. You always do." Jack did hold them. Not one of Meades' men reached first. Yarlow yelled madly. Meades was silent. Tie score and one more inning for Yarlow. Meades was determined to hold them. Jack Lyons was the first man up. Two strikes were called on him. The next was a low swift ball; Jack struck. He barely sent it inside the diamond. The catcher threw it to first. The man on first could not reach it. Jack ran to second. The next two men struck out. Jack was desperate. He must get home. They were watching him closely. Third man was up. The pitcher let the ball go. As it left his hand, Jack left second. He ran like a deer. The catcher was waiting for this and was ready. He sent the ball straight for third. Too late Jack was safe. Yarlow's rooters went wild for joy. Suddenly all was silent again. Ball one, strike one. Jack must take a chance. Strike two. The catcher walked half way to the

pitcher's box to make sure of no fumbles. Jack was manœvering around third. The pitcher met the catcher half way. They held a short consultation. Jack ran back and fourth as if undecided whether to run home or not. The catcher saw his chance, threw the ball to third and ran half way there expecting to trap Jack. This was an unexpected play, and, as the ball went a little wide the third baseman reached far out to catch it. While he was recovering his balance to throw the ball to the catcher, Jack shot past the astonished catcher on his way home. The catcher followed him with the recovered ball but he was not quick enough. Lyons reached home safely amidst the cheers of his college mates. The game was over. Yarlow had won. Jack was picked up and carried around the field on the shoulders of his team mates. The crowd cheered madly. Everything was in an uproar. As Jack was carried by the place where June stood she leaned over the railing and cried happily; "Oh, Jack! It was beautiful!" That was enough. Jack's labors were rewarded by those few words. Jack Lyons won the game for Yarlow College that day and Yarlow won the state championship. If you should meet Jack Lyons today and ask him why he played so hard, he would inform you he did so because June Harper was there rooting for him.



# Laluo

(By DeWitt Gilbert.)

I was wandering aimlessly around in the study of my new acquaintance, Colonel Owen, and amusing myself by examining the numerous relics and curios that so well decorated the walls. They varied much, from splendid new Springfield and gleaming sabres to old flint-locks with worn, rusty barrels, and savage-looking knives and swords with twisty, murderous blades. Owen was busy at his desk going thru a lot of superfluous looking papers and so I was permitted to search uninterrupted among these warlike trophies. One in particular, a short knife, interested me. It had no scabbard and its straight, keen blade was smeared with a brown stain. Reaching up I took it from its nail on the wall for better examination. It had a handle of some dark wood that was carved to fit the hand perfectly. In the middle of the blade was engraved in fine script the word "Laluo", evidently a woman's name. Then I turned my attention to the dark blotch that covered almost all of the blade. It had run in a few places but left that easily recognizable stain that blood always makes on steel. This knife must certainly have seen dark deeds and I unconsciously expressed my astonishment in a low whistle. The colonel on hearing this turned in his chair and, seeing the weapon in my hand, and the rather horrified look on my face, smilingly said, "Rather a grim suggestion, isn't it?"

"For heaven's sake how did you come by this ghastly thing? Didn't use it yourself, I hope?"

"No not quite but there is an interesting little yarn back of it. If you've got a little time—".

"Sure thing", I said heartily, dropping into a chair and preparing for one of the colonel's great "war stories."

"You will remember," he said, swinging his feet to the top of his desk and leaning far back in his pivot chair, "that I was in command of the army that marched on the northern campaign up into Luzon for the purpose of teaching dirty little Philipinos how they should treat the Americans who had delivered them from the yoke of Spain. As the column marched from day to day the tribes we met with were nearly always different and as a rule spoke an entirely different language from that of the tribe we had met just previously. This made it very difficult to find an interpreter who could be of use for more than a day at a time. I was particularly fortunate, however, in finding a most excellent one who not only proved himself equal to nearly every type of language and dialect we met with but also was valuable as a guide. He said he lived for years in the country thru which we were traveling and was a great help to us at times. He came to me in Manila just the day before we started north and begged to be taken along as an interpreter. I little believed his stories of his marvelous powers as a linguist but as he was willing to serve for almost nothing I told him he could come along. He was tickled to death and moved in immediately. He seemed to like the companionship and especially at night could generally be found right in the middle of the biggest crowd of sold-

iers. He was wildly impatient to get out of Manila and away to where the jungles were thickest.

As soon as we got under way my little interpreter began to make himself useful, jabbering in everything from Chinese to his native Spanish. I mentioned that he was a Spaniard, did I not? It was a funny thing about him tho, wherever the poor little chap went danger seemed to persue him. One day on the march the bullet of some fool Igorote sniping from a tree-top carried away his hat. That seemed to shake the little fellow's nerve a bit for he asked permission to sleep right in front of my tent. I let him do it for I had taken quite a fancy to the little man, as much of a fancy, that is, as one can take to a treacherous Spaniard.

One day he came staggering into the hospital tent in fearful agony, from some sort of poison he had picked up someplace, he couldn't tell exactly where. We thought for awhile that we were going to be out a mighty handy interpreter but with careful nursing the hospital corps brought him thru and in a couple of days he was alright.

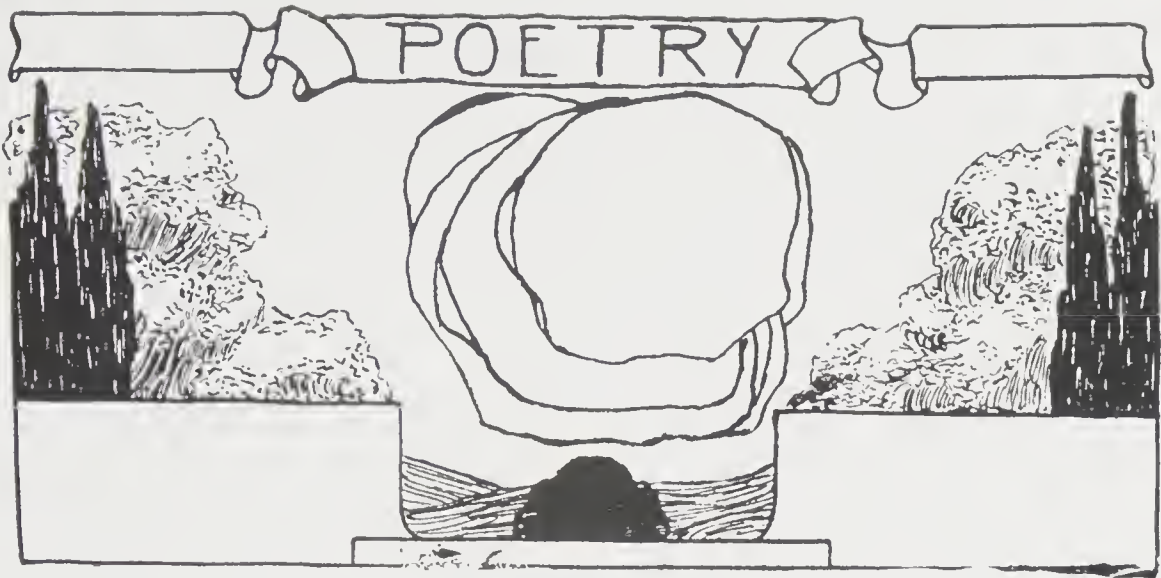
Another time when he went to turn in he found one of the other interpreters dead in his bed. The fool has swilled sangaree until he was drung and then got into the little Spaniard's bed by mistake. He had been killed by lying down on a poisoned porcupine quill that had been fixed upright in the bed. About that time I got pretty mad and started out to find the person who was persecuting my pet interpreter. Quite an investigation was held but it didn't reveal anything we didn't know already. The next couple of days contained nothing that has to do with this story altho we had some pretty sharp skirmishes with the Moros. Four or five days after the poisoned quill incident we came out onto the coast again. It had been some time since we had seen the ocean and it looked pretty good to a tired, muddy army that had been marching thru swamps for a fortnight. We camped for a few days at a little town called Sangapago. On the first night after our arrival I started out alone for a little walk on the mole that had been built some little distance out to sea. Before I had gone far my little Spaniard joined me and we paced back and forth in the quiet of the night. There was no moon, but overhead the heavens foamed and blazed with the myriads of stars that light the tropic firmament. And above them all and king of them all, blazed and swung the Southern Cross. The sea was like a black mirror and nothing broke its surface save, where here and there, the knife-like fin of a shark left a phosphorescent trail. Behind us rose, black and impenetrable, the wall of the jungle. It was a land of darkness and of shadow, without sound and without motion save when now and then in the jungle and swamp at our backs some frog croaked or a bird gave a faint, sleepy twitter. My Companion and I walked for sometime without speaking. Pacing and wheeling we had walked the length of the whole mole perhaps half a dozen times when suddenly from behind us came a rush and with a leap some heavy body landed on the Spaniard's shoulders. I turned in time to see that it was a man and to see a knife gleam and plunge downward. The interpreter screamed, his assailant leaped free from him and started to run back along the mole. He was a small dwarfish man who ran stooped over as tho he was a humpback or otherwise a cripple. I whipped out my revolver and fired twice at the flying figure. He threw up his arms and sank to the ground. I ran toward him but before I reached him he had dragged himself to the edge of the bank and had plunged over.

I came running up just in time to see in the phosphorescent glare that the motion of the water stirred up, the white belly of a great shark as he rolled over to take his prey. I heard the hideous teeth grind and clash and sat down for a minute sick at stomach and at heart. As soon as I was able, I hurried back to my fallen companion and found him rolling in a great pool of blood. I bent over him and with his last strength he raised and murmured the one word "Laluo". The death rattle clattered in his throat and he fell back dead. A sentry who had heard the shooting, soon came up with a lantern. I pulled from between the shoulders of the dead man the knife that you hold there, and read, with questioning eyes, on its bloody blade the name that had been the dead man's last word.

I sat down on the edge of the quay with the knife in my hands and pondered a while on the mystery, the tragedy, the hate, that seemed grouped about that sweet feminine name. This was the culmination of that vengeance that had stalked beside the Spanish interpreter throuout the nothern campaign, this was the reason that he had been so anxious to leave Manila. This was the righting of some great wrong. What was the wrong I wondered but the great grey shark that rolled his lazy bulk thru the black water at my feet seemed to grin and know.







## Havens

(By De Witt Gilbert.)

I sit looking out on the wave-haunted Bar  
Where yonder so low shines the gleam  
Of the lighthouse; a flashing, tremulous star,  
There casting its safe-guiding beam.

And the long lazy surfs that bump on the shore,  
Here in the June-sweet night  
Just as they've done through the ages of yore,  
They're doing again tonight.

Out there I behold in that glory of gold  
Two stately ships setting their sail  
To south and to north, perhaps never henceforth  
To meet again, in the calm or the gale.

And I think that in Life, with its riot and strife,  
Just such a Bar there may be,  
Where youth's joys will end and friend part from friend,  
As the vessels part there on the sea.

For I watch them come from haven and home,  
And vanish out there near the sky.  
Do they sorrow, I wonder, when parted a-sunder,  
As much as do you and I?

But on earth's broad face there is many a place  
Of rest for the journey's end,  
And in such a port, though here now we part  
We may meet again friend with his friend.

# Memories of Summer

(By Anna Heiklala.)

Summer days with brilliant sunsets,  
Meadows specked with flowers o'er,  
Here and there a crystal streamlet,  
Rippling o'er a rocky floor.

Merry peals of laughter ringing,  
From the hillside and the moor,  
Clear and silvery echoes recalling  
Thoughts of fairies as of yore.

When the winds of March are howling,  
And the skies are overcast  
Bringing gloom with thunders rolling,  
Then thoughts of summer make us glad.



# Meditation of a Dog

(By Sara Barker.)

What pleases me most is a bit to eat,  
Whether a bone or a hunk of meat,  
It matters not;  
And after I have had my fill,  
I'll do my tricks with a right good will,  
I know a lot.

I've a fine friend; his name is Gyp,  
Do we ever quarrel?—Never a bit!  
We should worry;  
We have great times, when together,  
Chasing cats is quite a pleasure,  
They have to hurry;  
But when I've played to my heart's content  
And my thots no more on pleasure are bent,  
I like to rest;  
'Tis in front of the fire, at my master's feet,  
To snooze away by the flickering heat,  
I like it best.

# The Omnipotence of Fate

(By Sherman Mitchell.)

How often have I been impelled to muse,  
While strolling on the sands beside the sea;  
Of how the ships that captive there are held,  
Have come to fall into captivity.

Perhaps this one has floundered in a gale,  
And that by error has been led astray;  
A hidden rock or shoal may have appeared.  
To cast her where she must forever lay.

She may have been an old ship, or in prime,  
She may have been a still ship, staunch and new;  
Her value might have been in thousands told,  
The hope and pride of skipper and of crew.

How like the fate of the ships is that of men!  
Those men, who, though prepared to face the world,  
Oft come in contact with some unseen bar,  
And straight upon Despair's dread sands are hurled.

Some there remain to disappear with time;  
Some start anew by virtue of great faith;  
Some fall, and fall, while others all at once  
Are spared the tortures of distress by death.

But what, pray tell, brings all these things to pass?  
These seemingly predestined deeds so great.  
There can be but one answer to it all:  
It is the work of an Omnipotent fate.

Fate is that thing which, no one will deny,  
Direects the destinies of small and great.  
And all things that this universe contains:  
Such is the Omnipotence of Fate.



# Spring

(By John Finney.)

Oh! Spring the sweetest time of the year  
When all the world seems to be alive again,  
The Robin chirping in the Alder tree,  
And the sweet music of the little wren,  
Fills me with joy.

When all the world seems to know that life  
Returns with the ascending sun once more,  
And grasses cover everything with green,  
And hawks again in the heavens soar  
I feel so glad.

I wish that daylight would always remain,  
That I could review the universe so sweet;  
With everything awakened from its sleep,  
For everything seems wont to me to peep.  
'Tis Spring, 'Tis Spring.



# The Song of the Eagle

(By De Witt Gilbert.)

Man, I am flying  
Here in the star-space,  
And on you spying,  
There on your earth-face.

Oh, how I pity  
Your crawling and creeping,  
There in your city  
Your sprawling and weeping.

Child of the dust and filth,  
Here from my heaven  
I see you piling wealth  
Till late at even.

Here from the cloud portals  
I see you striving,  
Struggling mortals  
Like bees at hiving.

I gaze with compassion  
From my position  
As you trifle fashion,  
As you do your mission.

Have you not envied me  
When you have halted  
To see me flying free,  
So far exalted,

Lift up your drooping eyes  
To where I'm singing,  
To where, thru sunset skies,  
I now am winging.





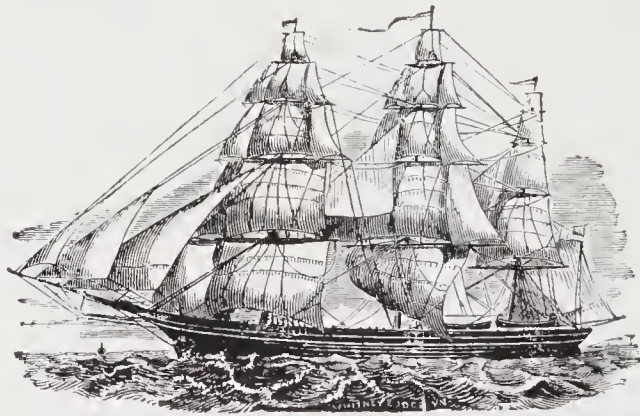
# The Wreck

(By Edward Beard.)

The signal from the distant light  
Gave a fearful solemn alarm  
For many a life was imperiled that night,  
From the fiercely raging storm.

Not a person aboard that helpless ship  
Could see their fate in the dark,  
For lo, the cargo had taken a shift,  
And the breakers were mountain high :

What remained of that wreck as 'twas strewn on the shore  
Will tell the only tale  
One year ago on our ocean shore  
The Rosecrans was wrecked in that fearful gale.



# The Walkout

(By Ersie Matthews.)

Rah! Rah! Rah! for Astoria!  
And the boys of Astoria High!  
They love their freedom just as he,  
Who could not tell a lie  
And like him, they refused to stay,  
When they thought they should be free,  
So when his anniversary came,  
They took their liberty.

When I returned to school that noon,  
There was a great commotion,  
The Students Body had assembled,  
And some one was making motion,  
I could not hear the speaker's words,  
But they were passed along,  
He moved that they all skip that day,  
Tho' he knew that it was wrong.

The bell soon rang and I went to my room,  
Only a few were there,  
Mr. Johnston said, "Sit down, please."  
Rebellion was in the air,  
Five minutes later all at once,  
We heard a dreadful noise,  
The "study" door was opened wide,  
And out rushed all the boys.

Next moment, they had their coats and hats,  
And with a rush and roar,  
A crowd of boys and several girls,  
Were rushing out the door,  
Of course we thought they'd been dismissed,  
And we were going also;  
But William said, "It will give our school a name bad  
We had better not all go."

We girls then rushed to the window,  
And saw them trooping by,  
I watched the last 'till out of sight,  
With envy in my eye,  
All that afternoon we were restless,  
We envied them one and all,  
But our envy flew when they next day  
Were again in the study hall.

Each afternoon they assembled there,  
From three until almost four,  
With Prof. Stone, and some-one else,  
For at least two weeks or more,  
Of course they all resented it,  
But they must obey the rule,  
I would rather stay in school all day,  
Than stay in after school.





(By Dorothy Dunbar.)

- Sept. 15—Grand Commencement.
- Sept. 16—Just think, eighty Freshmen, all wandering around the hall.
- Sept. 19—A thousand and one new rules are announced.
- Sept. 23—Yell practice. We keep time to the rise and fall of Lorenz pompadour.
- Sept. 25—Helen comes to school alone. Alex must be sick or dead.
- Sept. 27—First football game.
- Sept. 29—Miss Badollet comes sailing up in an auto ("and I hired it myself, too.")
- Oct. 3—Societies meet. Fog-Up is pulled off to the tune of "Everybody's Doin' It."
- Oct. 6—Re-election of Student Body President.
- Oct. 8—Miss Badollet thinks a little studying at noon would benefit the Chemistry marks.
- Oct. 10—We all pause for ten minutes to allow the Atlantic and Pacific to meet at Panama.
- Oct. 14—The Seniors rejoice (?) over the arrival of Chem. note books and aprons.
- Oct. 15—Juvenile Fair committee gets a box of soda pop and takes a joy ride.
- Oct. 16—Silently one by one they steal away to the Fair building.
- Oct. 17—High School completely deserted. Grand Juvenile Fair Parade.
- Oct. 18—Why are we so happy? Astoria 32—Vancouver 7.
- Nov. 3—A wee little mouse is discovered in the Study room waste basket.
- Nov. 4—There shall not, can not, will not, be— — running in the halls.
- Nov. 6—"Oh, we're having lovely weather." Foot-ball benefit.
- Nov. 8—The girls give their "splendiferous" Round-Up. Foot-ball with Newberg is a side attraction.
- Nov. 10—The faculty profit by Saturday night's suggestions.
- Nov. 14—Miss Wise and her German class make a hasty call on Miss Badollet and the Study Hall.
- Nov. 17, 18, 19—Studies interrupted for three days.
- Nov. 24—First Zephyrus of the year. The printer must have done the Who's Who" in his sleep.

- Nov. 25—Great excitement. News of The Doll Shop.
- Nov. 26—Visions of turkey and mince pie interrupt our studies.
- Dec. 1—The new basket ball suits dazzle the ball so it won't go in the basket.
- Dec. 5—Horace Trotter hitches up to a little red wagon.—Smashup.
- Dec. 9—The Chemistry class feels hilarious for once. (Laughing gas.)
- Dec. 11—The day of the Doll Shop. Curlers much in evidence.
- Dec. 12—Bargain sale of trade-lasts among the actors. Brilliant complexions noted.
- Dec. 15—"Money Talks" by Mr. Johnston.
- Dec. 18—Everyone arrived on time this morning. (The clock was slow.)
- Dec. 19—De Witt is overcome and comes thru the study-room door.
- Dec. 24—Alumni and faculty program given. Merry Christmas.
- Jan. 5—"Do your Christmas shopping early."
- Jan. 6—What dreadful colds the Seniors have—Chlorine gas.
- Jan. 9—Miss Wise's pupils have things their own way.
- Jan. 13—Teachers training course becoming quite popular.
- Jan. 15—Alfred stops school—"My, there'll be a lot of empty jobs since I quit."
- Jan. 12—"The Sweet (?) strains of Wetzel's ocorina are heard issuing from the Zephyrus office.
- Jan. 20—Surprise party in Chemistry in the form of a second.
- Jan. 22—Mr. Johnston wonders if the numerous absentees are sick?
- Jan. 23, 26, 27, 28—Exams. Mental agony.
- Jan. 29—All over.
- Feb. 2—New term. The second clover crop is assigned places.
- Feb. 11—Several football heroes and manager pay their S. B. tax under sufficient pressure.
- Feb. 19—False Rumors of Wedding Bells among the faculty.
- Feb. 23—Will we soon forget that patriotic Walk-out?
- Feb. 24—Excitement general.
- Feb. 25—"The following will remain after school—————."
- Feb. 26—Ditto. We gaze with admiration, but not envy, on the martyrs.
- Mar. 2—Two new boards are observed in the hall floor.
- Mar. 3—Little Ivor appears for the first time in glasses. We wonder what has troubled his eyes.
- Mar. 4—The art classes are obliged to hold their sessions in the hall.
- Mar. 5—Those noble martyrs have finished serving their sentence.
- Mar. 6—The A. H. S. takes the prize in the track meet with A. A. C.
- Mar. 7—The Juniors pull off their much-talked-of Country Fair.
- Mar. 9—The Senior girls get childish and appear in pigtails and bows.
- Mar. 10—Our cards at last.—Miss Badollet thinks her sulphur colore! ones can't be beat.
- Mar. 11—The H. S. cannery is working overtime. Two more have joined the ranks of the absent.
- Mar. 12—Sweaters presented to the noble foot-ball heroes.
- Mar. 13—Nothing special, only it's Friday.
- Mar. 16—Margaret and Gladys arrive at 8:35.



Mar. 17—Freshies in their element. The second appearance of De Witt's straw hat.

Mar. 18—John Reith is proudly sporting a new car before our envious eyes.

Mar. 19—First ice-cream sales.

Mar. 20—Societies meet.

Mar. 24—Caninery still on the job.

Mar. 24—Rain, hail sunshine and wind, all in one hour.

Mar. 25—The janitor has gone on a strike. Who said Cold?

Mar. 27—Our debaters out-talk the Dalles suffragette team.

Mar. 28—Girls play their first basket ball game.

Mar. 30—We wish Mr. Pitman would speak to us all day.

Mar. 31—We have our pictures "took."

Apr. 1—Loud sock day passes off very quietly.

Apr. 2—The girls have decided to present Mr. Logan with hair-ribbons.

Apr. 3—Girls basket ball. Astoria vs. Chinook.

Apr. 6—No Senior English. Miss Badollet is amazed at our joy.

Apr. 7—Spring Zephyrus appears.

Apr. 8—Ice-cream sale. Sure sign of spring.

Apr. 10 and 13—Easter Vacation.

Apr. 14—Miss Leola Danforth Ball, is temporarily added to the faculty.

Apr. 15—The windows are washed for the second time in three years.

Apr. 16—The Chem. class dissolves \$1.25.

Apr. 17—A few alumni and has-beens revisit the scenes of their youth.

Apr. 21—The Alg. IV class has an awful time separating "husbands and wives."

Apr. 22—A third ice-cream sale—we'll all be broke.

Apr. 24—"An ancient and fishy smell" issues from the newly-oiled floors.

Apr. 25—The Alfredians hold a small and select walk-out.

Apr. 27—Mr. Stone receives a box of flowers by mail.

Apr. 28—For once Alice Wilson comes to school without a new waist.

Apr. 29—The Juniors are of the opinion that their's is to be the one and only Prom.

Apr. 30—How can we study when it's hot?

May 1—The Wauregans have a spoony moonlight picnic.

May 2—Formites hold their annual affair at North Head.

May 4—DeWitt takes a liking to the floor and falls for it.

May 5—When will the Senior pins arrive?

May 6—At last—our pins.

May 7—The track team off for Eugene.

May 8—Zephyrus goes to print.

*Probable Calendar for Commencement Week.*

Sunday, June 14—Baccalaureate Sermon.

Tuesday, June 16—Reception to the Public.

Wednesday, June 17—Junior Prom.

Thursday, June 18—Senior Class Day.

Friday, June 19—Commencement Exercises.

Saturday, June 20—Alumni Banquet.



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# SCHOOL NOTES

(By Edward Beard.)

The opening of the school year on Sept. 15, was witnessed by the enrollment of eighty-four freshmen. The prospect for a prosperous year was made evident by the life and spirit among the students.

The first event of importance was the foot-ball game with Lincoln High on Sept. 27. It was a splendid game and although we lost by a score of 6 to 0 we played against the strongest team in Portland.

On the evening of Oct. 3rd the "Fog Up" was held in the Gym. It was a grand success in every respect, and a large crowd witnessed the performance. Marcus Aroris Hollerious' Band furnished fascinating, harmonious music. After the program the girls served delicious refreshments, and everyone went home well satisfied.

The Juvenile Fair took place on Oct. 17 and 18. The parade which preceded the fair was under the management of the A. H. S. students. Also the decorations and exhibits were under the management of the High School. Every student on the committee worked with determination, and as result everything was a grand success. Besides the city schools every county school from Gearhart to Svenson was represented. Each had original schemes to win the prizes offered. Taylor carried off the honors of the city schools, while Skipanon, representing the clam industry took the prize for the rural districts. The exhibits were better and more artistically arranged than those of last year. Conspicuous among the contesting booths was the purple and gold one, arranged by a committee of the A. H. S. The Manual Training work occupied one whole corner of the building consisting of over one thousand pieces of furniture. Agriculture, poultry, art, sewing and cooking also formed part of the exhibit.

The foot-ball game with Columbia University, on Thanksgiving day, was played for the championship of Oregon and resulted in a victory for Columbia by the close score 13 to 0. Our team deserves a great deal of credit for the showing they made on the wet field. The lack of school spirit was plainly among the students, and had we all supported our team, the score might have been different.

The play given under the auspices of the A. H. S. Foot-ball Ass'n. entitled, "The Doll Shop," was of high merit. Owing to the fact that another play came the night before, the attendance was not as deserved. Among those who took part were: Dorothy Montgomery, Dorothy Dunbar, Alice Wilson, Dorothy Stone, Mignon Allen, Donald Roberts, Wetzel Griffin, Iver Ross, Horace Trotter, Lawrence Rogers, Yvon Guillion, Abel Wright and many others.

On Friday evening, Feb. 20 we were fortunate in having a splendid lecture by William Hayward, physical director of Oregon University. His lecture was illustrated by motion pictures and slides, which included the Oregon-Washington foot-ball game, the Olympic game, in Sweden, and hundreds of famous athletes. Mr. Hayward demonstrated the fine points of the various forms of track work. He pointed out the fact that a good athlete must live a clean life to succeed in any form of athletics.

As a coach and trainer Mr. Hayward is among the best in the United States. He had charge of the Pacific Coast athletes who went to Stockholm in 1912, and they made a remarkable showing. He has been connected with Oregon "U" for ten years, his track teams winning eight consecutive conference meets.

A Student Body Meeting was called during the noon hour of Feb. 23, and a number of motions were brought up. As the 23rd was a legal holiday, the majority of the students were in favor of dispensing with school for the afternoon in honor of Washington's Birthday. A motion was made to that effect and it was unanimously passed by the Student Body. As a result nearly the entire school went home.





The Forum Society.

# Forum Society Notes

(By Jessie Garner.)

The closing of the school year for 1914 brings to an end one of the most successful years in the history of the Forum Society. The Society has gained honors both in athletic and intellectual fields. In the intersociety track meet held not long ago the Formities won in the finals with our president, Wetzel Griffin, as individual point winner. A trophy of some kind has been promised to the Society by Manager Beard, and we are eagerly awaiting the reward.

Our fame in the intellectual field was gained by Lorenz Logan, who was the leader of the debating team which represented our school in the debate contest for this year.

The officers for the first semester were:

President, Wetzel Griffin; Vice President, Louise Morgan; Secretary, Dorothy Montgomery; Treasurer, Claudia Malarkey; Sergeant at Arms, Charles Moad; Editor, Jessie Garner.

Our president, Wetzel Griffin was re-elected for the second semester. The remaining officers were:

Vice President, Lorenz Logan; Secretary, Claudia Malarkey; Treasurer, Marie Anderson; Sergeant-at-Arms, Raul Karlson; Editor, Jessie Garner.

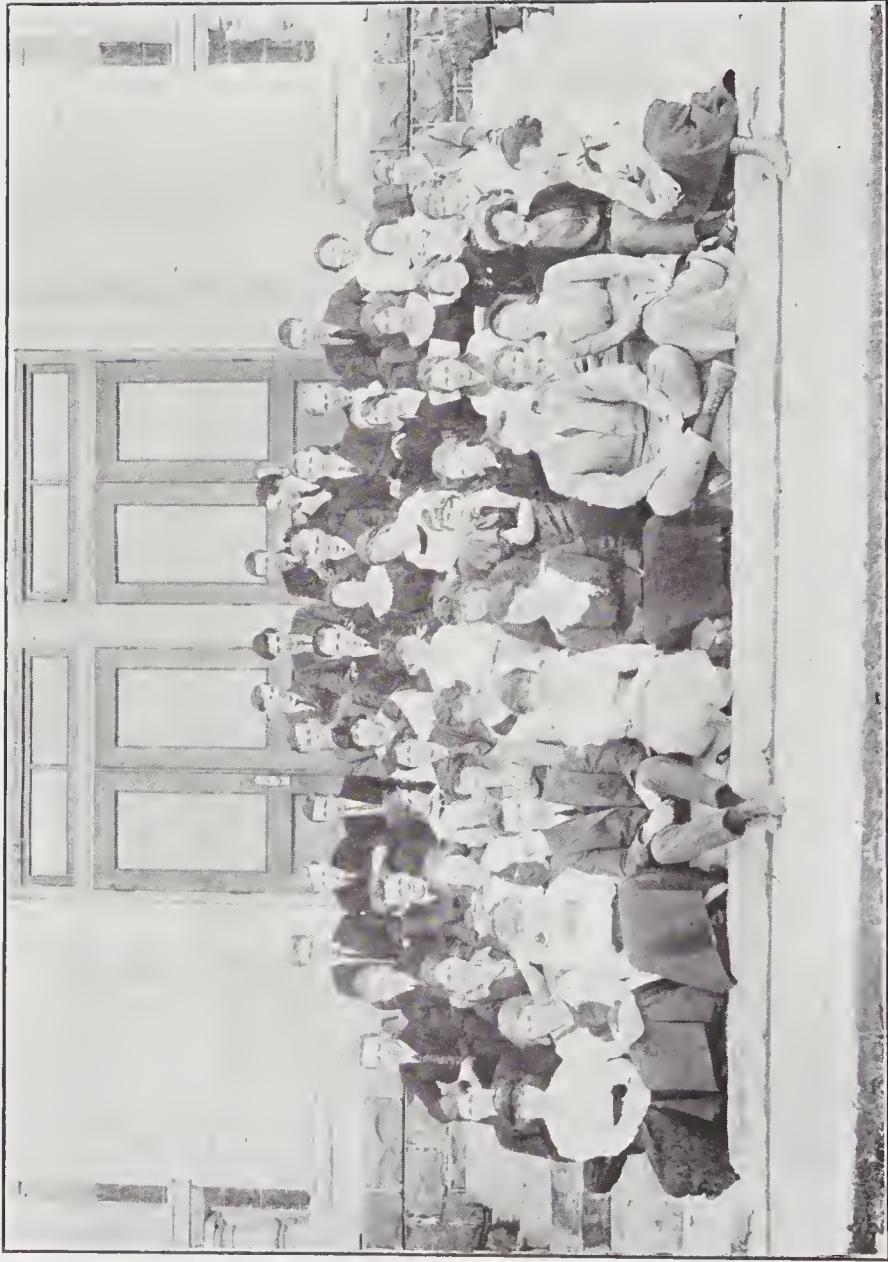
The Society was glad to welcome Miss McCullough, this semester, as joint adviser with Miss Wise.

The yearly Forum picnic was held at Ft. Canby on May 2nd. The launch Louise left with a merry crowd in the morning, returning in the evening and as the day was almost perfect, a most enjoyable time was had by all.

Perhaps more enthusiasm than formerly was displayed by the Society this year and we are sure that the prospects for next year are promising indeed.







The Wauregan Society.

# Wauregan Society Notes

Margaret Barry.

## *FIRST SEMESTER*

President, Alfred Gerding; Vice President, Rose O'Farrell; Secretary and Treasurer, Jennie Bangsund.

The Wangregans feel that a great improvement has been made in their society work.

Debate has been taken up both formal and informal and has proved to be an interesting fact of every program.

The new method of the Program Committee have made our work much easier, as we no longer have to unearth our own selections, but have them selected for us.

We have also been helped greatly by the monthly efforts of our critic one of the society advisors, who comments upon our work and suggests improvements.

Tho' the Wauregans, as a society have done little in the school activities of the past year, we have more than made up the deficiency by the work of individual members.

In football we had Stine, Erickson, Trotter, Riley and Dyer; in Basketball, Stine; in Track, Trotter and Beard.

Nor are we entirely athletic; the negative debating team, Ruth Spande and William Sigurdson, was entirely Wauregan.

## *SECOND SEMESTER.*

President, John Finney; Vice President, Ruth Spande; Secretary and Treasurer, Gale Hardesty.

The most interesting feature of this years' programs has been extemporaneous speaking.

Remarkable results are obtained by requiring the members of the society to talk without preparing various interesting topics.

The main event of this spring term was, as usual the society picnic.

The launch Louise 2 was chartered for Friday evening, May 1st and at 5 P. M. an effervescent crowd started up river for points unknown to the edification of the fishermen, who were out for the first day of the season.

How amazed the hamlet of Svensen was when we descended upon it! and how the kine fled from the meadows when we camped for supper.

What a time we had after "cats," playing every game we could remember, from "Farmers in the Dell" to Truth.

What a ride home on the moonlit river in fact, what a superflouglorious picnic, one which makes us all join in saying:

"Long live the Wauregans!"



The Alfredian Society.

# Alfredian Society Notes

(By Grace Hammarstrom.)

The Alfredians this year have not only lived up to their own idea of greatness but have also shown others what it means to be great. The officers for the first semester were:—

President, George Kaboth; Vice-President, Mignon Allen; Secretary, Gladys Pearson; Treasurer, Elizabeth Moore; Sargeant at Arms, Edith Davies. Two Associate Members, Alice Wilson and Ivor Ross; Editor Gladys Pearson; Critic, Miss Ward.

Society Basket Ball teams were organized in the latter part of the semester, Albert Anderson and Gladys Pearson acting as manager of the Boy's and Girl's teams respectively. In a hard game with the Wanregans, the Alfredian proved themselves victors, the score being 15 to 12.

A meeting was held on January 20th for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year,—The following being elected:—

President, Sherman Mitchell; Vice-President, Joseph Anderson; Secretary, Dorothy Dunbar; Treasurer, Lydia Kaboth; Critic, Miss Ward; Editor, Grace Hammarstrom.

The Alfredian Society was pleased to welcome many new members, all of whom seem competent to live up to the Society's expectations, and moreover to improve its standard and make it stand preeminent. No matter the time, no matter the place, the members of this society will always be loyal Alfredians for—An Alfredian once, an Alfredian forever.







The Adelphian Society.



# Adelphian Society Notes

(By Helen Dahlgren.)

Much society spirit has been aroused among the members during the past year. The first term began with a strong executive staff as follows: President, Sverre Halsen; Vice President, Elva Staples; Secretary, Myrtle Linnville; Editor, Agnes Lahti; Critic, Miss Ida Pritchett. The manager of the boy's Basket Ball Team was James Moberg. The team won several games, which shows that the members of the Society are becoming more interested in athletics. We certainly are proud of our football hero, George Backlund.

Next year we hope to have still more enthusiasm for the different activities of the school.

The Adelphian picnic has been planned. The Society expects to go to Young's River Falls in the morning and return in the evening.

During the year the members faithfully served the program committee and as a result many splendid meetings were enjoyed.

The second term officers were:—

President, Dale Howard; Vice-President, Donald Latshaw; Secretary, Annie Nelson; Treasurer, Agnes Lahti; Editor, Helen Dahlgren.



# THE DEBATING CLUB



Asta Carlson, '15.	AFFIRMATIVE	Lorens Logan, '15.
William Sigurdson, '15.	NEGATIVE	Ruth Spande, '15.

# Debate Notes

(By Asta Carlson.)

## Astoria High School vs. Helens High School.

The first of the interscholastic debates was held in Astoria on January ninth, at which time the home team consisting of Asta Carlson and Lorenz Logan, supporting the affirmative, met at the St. Helens High School on the question: "Resolved that the United States should maintain a large Navy."

Much interest was taken in the debate and the attendance although not large was very good. The program of the evening was opened with a piano solo by Miss Wuest, which was followed by a vocal solo by Dorothy Montgomery accompanied by Miss Wuest. The debate then took place and the decision of the judges was unanimous in favor of Astoria.

The same evening the Negative team of Ruth Spande and William Sigurdson defeated the St. Helens Affirmative team at St. Helens with a decision of two to one.

## Astoria High vs. St. Johns High.

The debate for the lower Columbia Championship was held at the Presbyterian church at Astoria on January thirtieth, where the Astoria Negative team Ruth Spande and William Sigurdson, debated the St. Johns High School Affirmative team and won unanimously. At the opening of the program Miss Hattie Wise rendered a piano solo.

The affirmative team of Astoria, Asta Carlson and Lorenz Logan, debated at St. Johns the same evening and lost with the decision of two to one. The Astoria High School received four votes out of the six cast so this left them the Champion of the Lower Columbia.

## Astoria vs. The Dalles High School.

On March twenty-seventh the Astoria High School Negative team consisting of Lorenz Logan and William Sigurdson, upholding the Affirmative debated The Dalles High School Negative team on the question: "Resolved that the General Welfare of the United States will be fostered by the complete application of the principle of a tariff for revenue only."

The audience was delightfully entertained with a solo by Miss Mignon Allen, accompanied by Miss Wuest, after which the debate took place. The decision of the judges was unanimous in favor of Astoria.

## Astoria vs. Pendleton.

On April seventeenth the Astoria High School Affirmative team, consisting of Lorenz Logan and William Sigurdson met the Pendleton High School Negative Team, at Pendleton, on the question, "Resolved that the general welfare of the United States will be fostered by the complete application of the principle of a tariff for revenue only."

The decision was unanimously in favor of Pendelton. This left the Astoria High School out of the final debate which is to take place at Eugene for the championship of the state. There is no reason why we can not put out a championship team next year, as we have plenty of material in the school.

The student body has decided to give the two debating teams representing the High School, little "A" pins, made of gold, the same as they did last year. The students who will receive these A's, are, Ruth Spande, Asta Carlson, William Sigurdson and Lerens Logan.





Time to Re-Tire!



On their way.



The Three Twin



Who?



That fascinating smile



When you and I were young, 1922/11.



Two lighted senior.











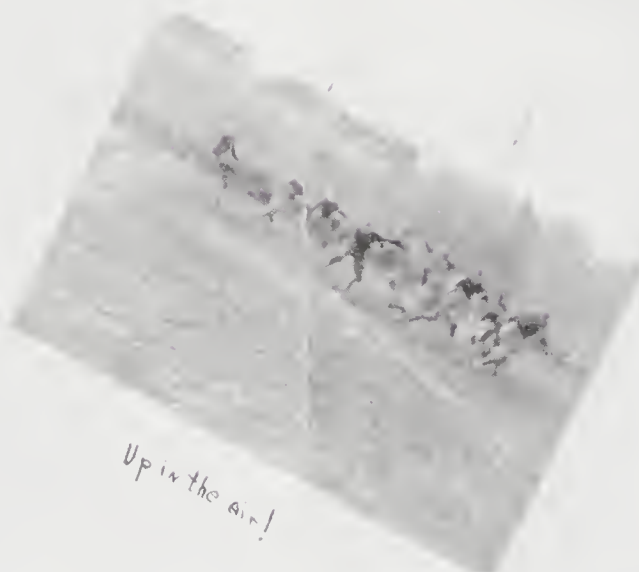
The Squad



Captain ANDERSON



Astorias ball!!



Up in the air!





# Athletics

## Football



DONALD ROBERTS, Mgr.

ALBERT ANDERSON, Capt.

TONY ANTONICH

BENNIE BURNS

(By Raleigh Stine.)

The football season of 1913 was one of the most successful seasons any Astoria team has enjoyed. The team worked smoothly and had many good players, as well as discovering material for following years. Our fighting ability was known by all our opponents.

At the end of the season each player received a sweater as an honor from the school. Second team men received a small letter with the numeral 2 below it.

Daily practice was begun during the first week of school. It was in charge of Coach Rogers who by his splendid coaching, helped make the success of "Our Football Team".



RALEIGH STINE

HORACE TROTTER

FRED ERICKSON

#### ASTORIA, 0—LINCOLN, 6.

Our first game of the season was with Lincoln High of Portland whom we defeated the previous year.

During the first quarter the ball was continually in the center of the field. In the second quarter Astoria failed to make the required yardage and Lincoln scored the only touchdown of the game by a series of line bucks. They failed to kick the goal.

The remainder of the game was fast and scrappy as neither team was able to score.

#### ASTORIA, 32—VANCOUVER, 7.

One week later Astoria played Vancouver High School on the home grounds. Astoria made the first touchdown by a series of line plunges and end runs. The half ended with the score 7 to 0 in favor of Astoria.

In the last half Astoria scored four touchdowns by playing fast and safe ball.

Vancouver scored once on a fumble which was recovered by one of their ends who ran for a touchdown.



IVOR ROSS

RUDOLPH PLANTING

JIMMIE MOBERG

ASTORIA, 13—ALL STARS 0.

Astoria defeated the All Stars a team composed of old timers in a hard fought game. The forward pass was used to a considerable extent by both teams but the High Schoolers had the advantage in this line. Both scores were made during the last half.

ASTORIA, 14—NEWBERG, 0.

The fourth game of the season was played with Newberg High School, Newberg with the reputation of being one of the best teams in the Willamette Valley.

In the first half the game was exceedingly fast, both teams putting up good offensive and defensive work. Astoria showed better team work and secured two touchdowns.

In the last half Astoria used fake plays and didn't score although the ball was continually in Newberg's territory.

ASTORIA, 51—FOREST GROVE, 0.

In the next game Astoria completely whitewashed Forest Grove High School. The final score being 51 to 0. Forest Grove was considered a good



DEWITT GILBERT

JOSEPH ANDERSON

GEORGE BACKLUND

contender for the state championship but their hopes were shattered at this game.

The game was played November 12th on a dry field before a large crowd of High School students and some town people.

Astoria scored 32 points in the first half and 19 more in the second half. The sensation of the game was a touchdown from the kickoff.

ASTORIA, 0—O. A. C. Freshmen, 21.

The hardest game of the season was played with the Freshmen of O. A. C. The field was wet and muddy and gave our opponents the advantage because of their heavy weight but we gave them the hardest game they played.

In the first quarter Astoria played very fast ball and carried the ball within one foot of the Freshmen's goal. Here Astoria failed to put the ball over for a touchdown.

In the next quarter the H. S. again nearly succeeded in scoring but failed on the last down. On a blocked punt the college center ran sixty yards for a touchdown registering their first score.

In the third quarter hard and consistent line plunges brought two more

touchdowns for the collegians. Astoria played in striking distance of their opponents goal throughout the last quarter.

#### ASTORIA, 0—COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, 13.

On Thanksgiving Day Astoria lost to Columbia University of Portland. The High Schoolers were out-weighted and were at a great disadvantage on account of the weather conditions interfering with our splendid fake plays which we worked perfectly.

In the first quarter Astoria nearly scored reaching the ten yard line but failed to score and the ball returned to the center of the field where it was continually going back and forth until the last part of the last quarter.

Here Columbia by two line bucks and one ten yard run were able to put over the first touchdown.

Astoria received the ball on the kickoff but failed on yardage and Columbia scored by a long end run.

The game was fast and perhaps would have ended differently had it not been for injuries to our players.







(By Edward Beard.)

The track material this year was greatly diminished by the loss of "Cotton" Nelson and Leo Furney, who were both point winners at Eugene.

The first practice started on Feb. 12, but owing to the bad weather we did our stunts in the Gym. On Feb. 28, the Indoor Society Meet took place. The Forumites carried off the honors, defeating the Wauregans in the relay, and thus winning 41 to 36. Griffin was high man for the Forums with 18 points, while Beard of the Wauregans made 32.

The events and winners in each were as following:

20-Yard dash—First, Gilbert; second, Griffin; third, McConnon.

Standing broad jump—First, Beard; second, Griffin; third, Trotter.

Sack race—First, Griffin; second, Manula; third, Beard.

High kick—First, Beard; second, Karlson; third, Manula.

Shot put—First, Griffin; second, Beard; third, Anderson.

Rope climb—First, Beard; second, Keating; third, Manula.

Running high jump—First, Lee; second, Beard; third, Gilbert.

Potato race—First, Beard; second, Moad; third, Karlson.

Standing high jump—First, Beard; second, Lee.

Relay won by Forums—Gilbert, Griffin, Karlson, Lee.

On March 8th an Indoor Meet was held with the Astoria Athletic Club, and resulted in a decisive victory for our team. We made a total of 52 points to our opponents 25. Beard was high man with 17 points, while Griffin again showed form by piling up 13 points.

We soon began regular outdoor practice, and about fifteen boys turned out. M. A. Crary acted as coach, and considering his lack of time, he was able to develop some good material.

On April 18th we sent a team to the Columbia Indoor Meet. Those making the trip were Gilbert, Griffin, Latshaw, Moad Lee, Beard, accompanied by Coach Crary. Although not making a point we were able to qualify for the finals in our events.

The annual Inter-Class meet was held on April 29. Although no records were broken, the time and distance in some events was good. The Sophomores carried off the honors by defeating the Seniors 72 to 41. The Freshmen obtained 18 points and the Juniors 2. Lee was individual point winner with a total of 20 points, while "Pete" Anderson and Gilbert tied for second honors with 16 points each.

Following are the events and the winner of each.

1 100 yard dash—First, Latshaw; second, Gilbert; third, Richardson; fourth, McComau: Time 11 seconds.

2 Shot put—First, A. Anderson; second, Lee; third, Ross; fourth, P. Anderson: Distance 36 feet.

3 440 yard dash—First, Trotter; second, Carlson; third, Lee; fourth, Richardson: Time 56 seconds.

4 100 yard low hurdles—First, Gilbert; second, Beard; third, Ross; fourth, Cosovitch: Time 13 seconds.

5 Javalin throw—First, Lee; second, P. Anderson; third, Ross; fourth, A. Anderson: Distance 117 feet.

6 Half mile run—First, Moad; second, Johnson; third, Richardson; fourth, Ross: Time 2 minutes 14 seconds.

7 60 yard high hurdle—First, Beard; second, Gilbert; third, Ross; fourth, Lee: Time 8 3-5 seconds.

8 Discus throw—First, Pete Anderson; second, Kaboth; third, Lee: Distance 7

9 Mile run—First, Moad; second, Johnson; third, Mansker; fourth, Ross: Time 5 minutes 6 seconds.

10 High jump—First, Lee and Pete Anderson; second, Gilbert; third,

11 220 yard Dash—First, Latshaw; second, Gilbert; third, Lee; Fourth, Ross. Beard. Height 5 1-2 feet.

12 Broad jump—First, Beard; second, P. Anderson; third, Lee: Distance 19 feet 4 inches.

13 Relay forfeited to Sophomores.

On May 9th we will be represented in the State Interscholastic Meet at Eugene. Five or six of the best men will probably make the trip. We will do our best to make good as we don't intend to come home with a Goose Egg. Those who are likely to make the trip are Latshaw, Moad, Lee, Gilbert, Trotter and Beard accompanied by Crary. After the Eugene Meet we have a number of dual meets before finishing the season.

# Basketball--

(By Raleigh Stine.)

## ASTORIA, 28—COLUMBIA CLUB, 20.

In the first game of the season, December 6th, Astoria defeated the Columbia Club by the score of 28-20. The game was fast throughout.

The game showed that Astoria High would have a good basketball team when sufficient practice developed team work. Burns was high man for Astoria with 13 points; Drilling next with 8; Gerding 6; Anderson and Backlund one apiece.

## ASTORIA, 13—A. A. C., 19.

On December 13th the Astoria Athletic Club basketball team defeated the High Schoolers by the score of 19 to 13. The game was very rough although fast. Burns starred for Astoria making most all of the scores. Drilling played a strong game though he was handicapped in weight.

The score at the end of the first half was about even.

## ASTORIA, 19—CLATSKANIE, 15.

On the nineteenth of December the basketball team went to Clatskanie where they defeated the High School team of the town. The game was a little rough. At the start Clatskanie showed a little speed but their lead was soon overcome by Astoria. The game was interrupted by Clatskanie's umpire who called many unnecessary fouls on Astoria. Burns secured all of Astoria's points his shooting being very accurate.

The line up for Astoria was: Barry and Burns, forwards; Gerding, center; Drilling and Backlund, guards.

### *The Valley Trip.*

On the tenth of January, the H. S. team left for Salem, to make a week's tour of Willamette Valley and play the best teams in that section.

The first game was played that evening with the Salem High School. Astoria was in the lead throughout the first half but in the second half Salem scored often and finally defeated us by the score 33 to 20.

The next day we arrived at Corvallis where we spent the most enjoyable part of our trip. We were taken to the different fraternity houses where our treatment was very cordial. The following day was spent in looking through the Oregon Agriculture College where the different branches of work are taught. That evening we played the college freshmen and were defeated by the score of 21 to 8. Owing to our not being used to such a large floor the collegians were able to run up a large score. Drilling and Burns starred for Astoria. The following forenoon we spent looking over the town of Corvallis and about two o'clock we left for McMinnville.

McMinnville was reached at 4:30 o'clock and we rested up for the game which began at eight o'clock. The game was fast but was characterized by some rough tactics by McMinnville players. Astoria lead throughout the contest but McMinnville tied the score in the last minutes of play by converting several fouls. In playing off the tie McMinnville secured the winning basket in five minutes of play. The final score was 12 to 11.

Saturday night we arrived at Newberg where we met the High School team of that city. The game was furious from start to finish. Newberg secured most all of her points in the first half but Astoria by a terrible rally nearly succeeded in evening the score. The final score was 26 to 18. After the game the team was given a banquet by the Senior and Sophomore classes which proved to be a fine end for the trip.

Sunday was spent in Portland and we arrived home the same evening. The following made the trip: Burns, Drilling, Backlund, Gerding, Anderson, Stine, and Coach Rogers.

#### ASTORIA, 21—SALEM, 17

In one of the best games ever played in the High School gym, Astoria High defeated Salem High. The game was clean and snappy and enjoyed by a large crowd. Astoria took the lead at the start but the half ended in Salem's favor. During the last half Astoria played great ball and overcame Salem's lead. The final score being close, 21 to 17. Burns and Backlund played the best ball for Astoria.

The line-up was as follows: Salem—Forwards, Proctor and Rhinehart; Center, Keene; Guards Lowe and Howe. Astoria—Forwards, Burns and Hardesty; Center, Stine; Guards, Backlund and Drilling.

#### ASTORIA, 23—COLUMBIA CLUB, 25.

The Columbia Club defeated the High School by converting the last basket of a tie game.

Astoria's line-up was as follows:

Forwards, Hardesty and J. Anderson; Center, Stine; Guards, Burns and Anderson.





Girls Basket Ball Team

## Girls Basketball---

(By Rose O'Farrell.)

The girls of the High School met with great difficulty in their attempts to have the school represented by a Girls Basket Ball Team. Great was the rejoicing therefore when it became known that one was to be organized. The girls turned out to practice and within a few days Mr. Rockwood, the coach, selected six players whom he thought should constitute the team. Gladys Pearson was made captain of the team and Hazel Pinnell was elected manager. By the good coaching of Mr. Rockwood the girls were soon enabled to feel that they could hold their own in a game. Owing to the advanced season the manager had some difficulty in securing a game, but finally one was obtained with McGowan

McGowan, 5—A. H. S., 16.

On Saturday evening March 28th the McGowan girls met the local school's team in the High School gym and were defeated by a 15 to 5 score. The game was an interesting one and was witnessed by a large number of fans. After the game, refreshments were served to all present.

Chinook, 1—A. H. S., 29.

The Chinook girls were defeated by the A. H. S. Girls by a score of 29 to 1. The game was played in the High School Gym Friday evening April third and was enjoyed by many of the local boosters as well as many friends of the visiting team. In this game the local team showed the results of their hard practice by their good team work. Chinook was baffled by the accurate passes of the High School Five and thus were unable to hold them from making baskets. The line up of the local team was:—Forwards, Jennie Bangsund, Hazel Pinnell; Guards, Ruth Spande, Ellen Wilson, Rose O'Farrell; Center and Captain, Gladys Pearson.



Friday evening April 17th the High School team journeyed to McGowan where they defeated that team by a score of 23 to 2. The Louise II was chartered and left Astoria at seven o'clock. The team was accompanied by over sixty rooters who showed their spirit by rooting for their team during the entire game. Although the local team was handicapped by a gym in which the baskets and floor were entirely different from their own, they played an excellent game. McGowan did not have a chance to score but made her points on foul throws. The McGowan girls served refreshment after the game and everyone enjoyed the good "cats" immensely.

This game was the last one of the season. The line up was the same as in both the other games.

The girls feel that they have had a very successful season. Next season we hope to have a good early start and a good team. We know very well to whom we owe the success of this years' team. The one who really deserves the credit is our coach, Mr. C. A. Rockwood, who worked so hard and faithfully to help the girls in their undertaking.

The members of this years team will receive sweaters with a gold "A" on a purpil background. These sweaters will be purchased with the money left over after the seasons' games.

Those who received sweaters are: Gladys Pearson, captain of the team, Hazel Pinnell, manager; Ellen Wilson, Ruth Spande, Jennie Bangsund and Mr. Rockwood, coach.

We hope that next year the girls will have another High School team which will be controlled by the student body and that that team will receive regulation sweaters and letters.



# ALUMNI



(By Russell Fox, '14.)

Since the beginning of our High School, two hundred fifty one pupils have graduated, which, considering the size of the school is a very good showing. The number of graduating classes to twenty-one. Our school has a right to be proud of its alumni as indeed it is.

Prominent among the members of the Alumni is Edwin Short '09, who will complete his course at Annapolis in June and graduate as ensign with the rank of second Lieutenant, U. S. N. He is the first Astoria boy to graduate from the Naval Academy. Following the usual custom of towns from which the cadets are appointed, a movement has been started to raise funds for a sword, which will be presented to him at his graduation.

Miss Annie Nowlen, '97, is now in Detroit, Mich. where she is Superintendent of the Beginners' Department of the First Presbyterian Sunday School, the second largest Sunday School in the world.

Charles E. Gray '98 is in business in Portland, Oreg.

Miss Nellie Gerding '96 is teaching in Adair School in this city.

Miss Kate Simnot, also of the class of '96 is teaching in the Portland Schools.

Ralph Worsley, '09 has recently returned from the Philippines.

Miss Anna Campbell '99, is prominent in Musical circles in this city.

Miss Jessie Sands, 1900, is teaching in Oakley Green School, Portland, Ore.

W. N. Jones, another member of the Class 1900, also an alumni of the University of Wisconsin, is located in Minneapolis, where he has the position of city engineer.





# EXCHANGE

(By Carrie Glaser.)

"The Columbian," Portland, Oregon. Some excellent advice is found in your editorial department. We agree that it is the only way to "eliminate the waste."

"The Clarion," Salem, Oregon. Your paper is well balanced but can't you find material and space for your literary department?

"The Klakaham," Bandon, Oregon. Welcome to our exchange column. Yours is a small but interesting paper.

We are always glad to see the "Spectrum," Portland, Oregon, among our exchanges. The size of your literary department is especially noticeable and interesting. A very good thought is expressed in "The Mother Pakali."

"What-Not," Milton, Oregon. A short story contest would greatly improve your literary department. Your jokes are good.

"The Hesperian," Oregon City, Oregon, gives much space to class notes, making the paper really representative of the school. We also find a great number of bright spicy stories.

"The Pacific Star," Mt. Angel, Oregon. "Uberiam Genitum Sumus" is an excellent piece of prose. The author appears to have the conditions of the social evils of the day, well in hand. We congratulate the Exchange Editor on the frank and wholesome way in which he discusses his exchanges.

"The Oracle," Taftle City, Wash. You devote more time to "Gentle Jabs" than to your literary department. The latter would do much more toward making your paper a success.



# Who's Who in Our A. H. S.

Principal .....	Wm. Merk Stone
Instructor in Mathematics .....	Miss Dora Badollett
Instructor in History and Latin.....	Joseph Foote Johnston
Instructor in English and History .....	Miss Karl Pritchett
Instructor in English .....	Miss Agnes G. Ward
Instructor in Latin and German .....	Miss Isabelle McCulloch
Instructor in German and English.....	Miss Birdie Wise
Instructor in English and Latin .....	Miss Josephine Bangsund
Instructor in Science .....	Carl A. Rockwood
Instructor in Domestic Science.....	Miss Margaret Morehouse
Instructor in Commercial Course .....	Miss Mabel Maginnis
Instructor in Art.....	Miss Florence Wuest
Instructor in Manual Training .....	Mack Arnold Crary
President of Student Body .....	Albert Anderson, '14
Vice-President of Student Body .....	Wm. Sigurdson, '15
Secretary of Student Body .....	Georgiana Garner, '14
Treasurer of Student Body .....	Jennie Bangsund, '14
Associate Members of Student Body, Margaret Barry, Joseph Anderson, '16	
Pres. Senior Class .....	Samuel Vannice, '15
Sec. Senior Class .....	Georgiana Garner, '14
Pres. Junior Class .....	Lorens Logan, '15
Sec. Junior Class .....	Jessie Garner, '15
Pres. Sophomore Class .....	Max Riley, '16
Sec. Sophomore Class .....	Charles Moad, '16
Pres. Freshman Class .....	Horace Trotter
Sec. Freshman Class .....	Lynette Swenson
Pres. Alfredian Society .....	Sherman Mitchell, '14
Sec. Alfredian Society .....	Dorothy Dunbar, '14
Pres. Wauregan Society .....	John Finney, '14
Sec. Wauregan Society .....	Gail Hardesty, '14
Pres. Adelphian Society.....	Dale Howard, '15
Sec. Adelphian Society .....	Annie Nelson, '15
Pres. Forum Society .....	Wetzel Griffin
Sec. Forum Society .....	Claudia Malarkey, '15
Editor of Zephyrus .....	Jessie Garner, '15
Business Mgr. Zephyrus .....	Theron Skyles, '15
Assistant Editors .....	Dorothy Montgomery, Lorens Logan, Alex Bremner, Claudia, Malarkey, Edward Beard, Sose O'Farrell, Russell Fox De Witt Gilbert, Carrie Glaser, Albert Anderson, Dorothy Dunbar, Asta Carlson, Margaret Barry.
Captain of Football Team .....	Albert Anderson, '14
Mgr. Football Team .....	Donald Roberts, '14
Capt. Basket Ball Team .....	Raleigh Stine, '15
Mgr. Basket Ball Team .....	Albert Anderson, '14
Mgr. Track .....	Edward Beard, '14
Yell Leader .....	Wetzel Griffin
Debating Teams:	
Negative .....	William Sigurdson, '15, Ruth Spande, '15
Affirmative .....	Lorens Logan, '15, Asta Carlson, '15

# Commercial Department

(By Ella Abrahams.)

The Commercial Department is one of the most important branches of our High School because from here will come some of Astoria's future business men and women.

Three years is the length of time required to complete the Commercial Course. The Commercial room is large, well lighted, heated and ventilated. From its windows one has as good a view of Astoria and the Columbia River as he could wish for. Besides containing stenography desks, the room is equipped with large, roomy desks intended for the use of the bookkeeping pupils, seating in all about forty-two pupils.

The typewriters used are among the best made, namely, the Underwood and the Remington. The Touch System of typewriting is taught.

Pupils come from all over Clatsop County to enjoy these advantages. Through the excellent course offered, and under the guiding hand of their instructor, Miss Maginnis, the pupils are turned out first-class stenographers and bookkeepers.

In connection with the regular work, the shorthand students have formed a club known as the Astoria High School Gregg Shorthand Club. Anyone who has taken Gregg Shorthand in the High School may become an active member. The meetings which are held once a month at the homes of the different members are of both an instructive and a social nature.

The officers for the year are: President, Janet Reed; Vice-President Helma Johnson; Secretary, Ross Aviana; Treasurer, Elizabeth Hart, Sergeant-at-Arms, Peter Tsigris; Adviser, Miss Maginnis.

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# Domestic Science

( By Claudia Malarkey.)

I am sure you will all agree with me when I say that Domestic Science is the most popular subject taught in our high school. At any rate there is no doubt but that it is the most appetizing. Have you ever noticed the longing looks on the faces of the students in the study hall when they detect the enticing odors from the cooking laboratory? And surely you have not failed to observe the group of eager looking individuals loitering near the Domestic Science room door. At the close of a period they are waiting to intercept the amateur "cooks" in the hope of "nailing" some "eats." You have heard their loud whispers, "What did you make? Did you keep some for me? Oh, goody! Um-m!" Surely this then is a conclusive proof of the popularity of the subject.

We are especially fortunate too, in having Miss Morehouse for our instructor. She does find the most delicious recipes for our use, and under her guidance our results cannot possibly be other than a success.

Miss Morehouse has an abundant supply of recipes for those appetizing dishes which give variety and attractiveness to the meal. But let it not be supposed that "fancy dishes" are all we are taught, no indeed, we are also instructed most extensively in the preparation of the old fashioned, wholesome dishes which are so indispensable to good health.

Neither is cooking the only branch of instruction received in Domestic Science. One day of each week is set aside for lectures by Miss Morehouse on the science of the subject. We are taught the composition and nature of foods, and many interesting phenomena are explained which, before taking the study, were a mystery to us. We are also given valuable advice as to the hygienic care and management of the cooking laboratory. So, you see, we are made most proficient in the important art of housekeeping.

Yes, truly I am sorry for those who have failed to take Domestic Science as they have missed a great deal.



# Manual Training

(By Edward Beard.)

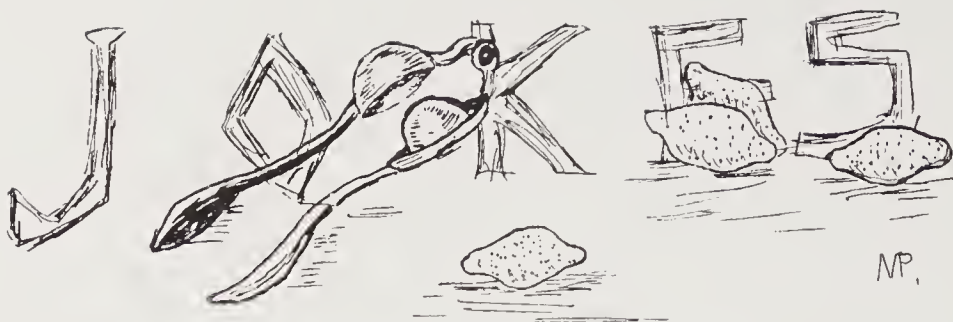
The Manual Training department of our high school is the busiest and happiest part of our school work. All day long, week after week the young carpenters devote their time in making useful furniture. Each student makes what he desires, and by the use of good tools, and competent instruction he derives the practical knowledge of construction. In making his own furniture the boy takes a keen interest in his work and thus turns out the best work he can do.

The popularity of manual training is shown by the extensive enlargement and improvement of our work-shop. Also the classes have more than doubled in the last year. The floor space has been increased from 30 feet by 30 feet to 75 feet by 33 feet. This affords plenty of room for staining, varnishing, drawing, etc. The room is equipped with twenty benches, on which are a saw, chisel, screw-driver, hammer, mallet, rule, tri-square, nail punch, jack-plane, block-plane, and pencil. In the tool cabinet are tools of all description, consisting of about twelve good saws, twelve smoothing planes, dozens of chisels, and hundreds of other useful tools.

When we return to school next semester we will find a number of modern machines. There will be three lathes, and a novelty saw which consists of a combination of a joiner groover, mortise saws, and sand-paper machine. These will be of valuable assistance in doing fine work, and will make our manual training department on an equal footing with any in the state.

Perhaps we do not realize the advantage that is given us in our High School. Manual Training is a new department in our school, and yet the most popular. This is due simply to the fact that most every boy takes advantage of it, and derives practical experience in return. The work is practical, instructive, and scientific. Give the boy something to do that is useful, and he will not quit school. Surely the growth of Manual Training has been marvelous, and it still is in its infancy. Under the capable management of Prof. M. A. Crary our Manual Training Department is and will be one of the best to be found.





R. F. (looking at her shoes) — "Are those Mary Janes?"

D. D. (indignantly) "No, indeed, they are my own!"

*Solid Geometry.*

Teacher—"Johnny, what is a cube?"

Johnny—"A cube is a solid surrounded by six equal squares."

Teacher—"Right. Willie, what is a cone?"

Willie—"A cone? Why a cone is-er-a funnel stuffed with ice-cream."

Miss M'C. (In German I)—“What word shall we decline now?”

Pupil—"Das Metalle."

Miss McC.—“Well that’s kind of a hard subject.”

"Hey! Capt'n Kidd!"

"Aye, aye, my, lad!

Yer mudder wants yer."

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GOODS, UNDERWEAR, HOSIERY, GLOVES AND  
NECKWEAR.

## THAT TERRIBLE CASE

(By R. Fox.)

There's a terrible case a-going around,  
The most terrible case that has ever been found,  
It's 'tween a Soph and a Freshman green,  
And is quite the worst that ever was seen.

2

She's a Sandy-haired girl, with eyes of blue,  
He has Baby-blue eyes of similar hue,  
It's all right to give the color of eyes  
But to give their names would not be wise

3

He waits at the door for her every day,  
Then slowly homeward they wend their way,  
Gee, it must be fierce to have a "ernsh,"  
And have to hand out worn out "mush."

4

This case has gone for a year or so  
And if all goes well for years it will go.  
We wish him luck and courage as well,  
And as for results, only time can tell.

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D. S. (After having been hit by a paper ball—"Please stop that.")

Dan Stewart—"Well, you stopped it, didn't you?"

Miss W.—"What does pastor mean?"

M. W.—"A pastor is a person who eats."

R. S.—"Did you know that you can get a dollar Ingersoll watch for ninety five cents?"

F. B.—"No. How's that?"

R. S.—"Well everytime you buy one, you get a nickle back."

Teacher—"Tell me, in German, the colors of roses."

F. K.—"The colors can be, weiss, oder gelb, oder rot, oder pink."

Mr. A.—"Did the doctor tell you what you had?"

Mr. B.—"No, he took what I had yithout telling me."

Judge—"Your age, please Madam."

Witness—"Twenty-seven and some months."

Judge—"Exact age, please, twenty-seven and how many months."

Witness—"One hundred and twenty."

Mrs. R. (Speaking of her child—"He is the most welcome entertainer I have ever had. He just lies and talks to me by the hour.")

Neighbor—"Isn't that nice. So unlike most visitors, they just talk and lie to you by the hour."



L. L.—“Did you hear about the big explosion down town today?”

D. M.—“No, what was it?”

L. L.—“The wind blew up Commercial street.”

---

Papa—“How did you get along in school today, Johnnie?”

Johnnie—“Awful, I got a licken.”

Papa—“Well, Johnnie what’s happened?”

Johnnie—“I asked you how much a million dollars was last night and you said it was a h— of a lot an’ thats not the answer.”

---

W. G.—“I dreamed my watch was going last night, so I looked under my pillow this A. M. and found it— —”

D. G.—“What! Gone!”

W. G.—“No but just going.”

---

Upon close examination Miss B. finds that the girls in her Latin I class are all fond of riding. Every little Freshie had a pony all her own.

---

He—“George Mc. is quite an energetic fellow.”

She—“Yes, I’ve noticed even his desk is full of Life.”



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Mr. J.—“Look here, you’ve been at the phone for half an hour and never said a word.”

Mr. G.—“I am speaking with my wife, sir.”

Miss M’C(asked, speaking in German,) —“Who is absent today.”

A. S. (misunderstanding the question, answered)“All about verbs.”

Mr. Staylate—“The other night I heard a story that gave me such a start.”

Miss Muchbored—“I wish I knew it.”

Hobo (to tourist) “Speaking of bathing in famous springs, I bathed in the spring of 1899.”

Lawyer—“The cross-examination did not seem to bother you much. Have you had any previous experience?”

Client—“Six children.”—Ex.

A soft answer appeaseth not the hard Prof.—Ex.

Going to dry classes,

Take a little snooze,

Prof. may hear you snoring,

That is when you lose.—Ex.

S. M.—“How easily she makes up her mind.”

A. A.—“And how beautifully she makes up her face”

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